

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

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(Continued.)

“ONE day,” Charlotte tells us, “in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse, in my sister Emily’s handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse. I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy,

and elevating. My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one, on the recesses of whose mind and feelings even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. * * Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily’s had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a

partial judge, yet I thought that these verses too had a sweet, sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day being authors. * * We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed."

After the usual difficulties in finding a publisher for so unpopular a commodity as poems by unknown authors, the unpretending volume was at length issued at the risk of the sisters. These poems, under the fictitious signatures of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, received but little notice or favor from the press. Ellis was styled by the *Athenæum* "a quaint, fine spirit," with "an evident power of wing that may reach heights not here attempted." Currer and Acton were but coolly commended. The sisters, who had embarked so much of interest, and so much too of their little estate in this work, waited in vain to hear of copies sold, and success ensured, till each silently acknowledged to herself that the book was a failure — that the world had no need of them.

Thus curtly dismissed by the public to their old, solitary life, it is strange that they did not lay down their pens forever, and return to governessing and furniture polishing for the rest of their days. But these remarkable beings, who wrought without hope, could fail also without discouragement. They indulged in no day-dreams, and built no air castles for themselves, but they could accept reverses with the equanimity of self-sustained genius. While the fate of the poems was still pending, three volumes of fiction were completed and dispatched on a pilgrimage to the publishers.

The productions of Emily and Anne were accepted by a London firm, but Charlotte's neat, fine manuscript, "The Professor," plodded its weary rounds from one publishing house to another, till its mistress took it home worn and embrowned, to await the success of its younger and fairer sisters. Since the grave has closed over a life of sad and moving pathos, discerning publishers

have begun to bid for the dust-covered manuscript, and an appreciating public to praise its homely, exquisitely drawn portraits of life.

Literary disappointments were not the only shadows that darkened the year 1846. Mr. Brontë's sight had long been failing, from the formation of a cataract, so that he groped sadly and dimly about his parish, wholly dependant on his daughters for his reading — to him the necessity of life. He was still led up into his pulpit to preach, and his words were armed with an affecting force and impressiveness, as he stood before his flock an erect, gray-haired, sightless old man. He had been in the habit of timing his sermons accurately by the clock, and they were now brought to a close by the force of habit precisely at the close of the thirty minutes.

A painful operation only could restore his lost sight to the aged pastor, and upon Charlotte, the eldest, calmest, and most self-reliant of his daughters, devolved the duty of conducting him to Manchester, consulting the oculist, supporting him through the operation by her presence, and nursing him during his convalescence. It was a month after the successful extraction of the tumor before the return journey could be hazarded. During this interval, in the twilight of her father's darkened chamber, harassed by anxiety about home — home blighted by the presence of Branwell — depressed by the failure of her maiden poems, suffering under a nervous indisposition, that Miss Brontë wrote the opening chapters of *Jane Eyre*. That she should have written at all under such conditions, is surprising — that she should have woven the wonderful tissue of her master-piece, presents her, we think, in a commanding light.

This work was the labor of the following year. Its composition was never suffered to interfere with her accustomed services as daughter, sister, and mistress, or to excuse the performance of them in an absent, careless manner. Often, in the very warmth

and glow of thought, she would break off to glide into the kitchen and steal away the dish of potatoes, which Tabby, now near eighty, had, with loyal zeal, but failing eyes, prepared for dinner. Removing the "eyes" which the old servant had unconsciously left, but her fastidious taste could not tolerate, she would replace the dish and depart. Her mind was so admirably balanced that she could gracefully combine duties *almost* incompatible in practice — good house-keeping, and daily literary avocations.

It was the habit of the sisters, having worked at their respective tasks all the day, to lay them aside at nine o'clock, and devote the remainder of the evening to conversation. The house was then all silent, Mr. Bronte and old Tabby being early sleepers, and they would pace up and down the sitting-room discussing the day's progress — sketching their respective tales, reading their manuscripts occasionally, each listening in turn to the criticisms and frank suggestions of the others. These intellectual conversations were the most pleasurable treat known in the monotonous life of the parsonage.

Miss Bronte was now close upon her thirtieth year. An extract from a letter written about this time illustrates the firm texture of her mind: "It seems to me that even a lone woman can be happy, as well as cherished wives and proud mothers; I am glad of that. I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women now-a-days; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on earth than an unmarried woman, who makes her own way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and who, having attained the age of forty-five or upward, retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and a willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend."

In this admirable picture was not Miss Bronte unconsciously drawing her own heroscope? Her thoughts do not seem to have dwelt much on matrimony. Offers of marriage she had received and rejected; one from a young clergyman who fell in love at first sight, and proposed the same week; another from one for whom she could feel no warmer sentiment than respect. Ever since she was twelve years old she had settled in her own mind that she should never marry.

Jane Eyre was published in the fall of 1847. The sensation it produced in literary circles is vividly described by Mrs. Gaskell: "Conjecture as to the author ran about like wild-fire. People in London, smoothed and polished as the Athenians of old, and like them 'spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing,' were astonished and delighted to find that a fresh sensation, a new pleasure was in reserve for them in the uprising of an author capable of depicting with accurate and Titanic power the strong, self-reliant, racy, and individual characters, which were not, after all, extinct species, but lingered still in existence in the north. They thought that there was some exaggeration mixed with the peculiar force of delineation. Those nearer to the spot, where the scene of the plot was apparently laid, were sure, from the very truth and accuracy of the writing, that the writer was no Southern; for, though 'dark, and cold, and rugged is the north,' the old strength of the Scandinavian races yet abides there, and glowed out in every character depicted in 'Jane Eyre.' Farther than this, curiosity, both honorable and dishonorable, was at fault."

Miss Bronte heard what the world was saying of her under cover of a profound incognito — not a soul out of her own house dreaming of her identity with "Currer Bell." Her publishers were as blind as her readers; and her venerable father, although he must have often seen her at her desk, could only conjecture her employment.

He was quite taken by surprise when Charlotte came into his study one day with presentation copy in hand, saying, "Papa, I've been writing a book." * * * "My dear, you've never thought of the expense it will be. It will be almost sure to be a loss, for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name?" She left him with the book, and was well pleased to hear him say when he came out to tea, "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?"

We should like to have looked into the heart of the authoress as it throbbed with its first exciting pleasure — we should like to have seen her whose existence hitherto had been so sad and stagnant, under the glow of her first great satisfaction — to have watched her as she awoke to the consciousness that life might yet have warmth, and color, and poetry even to her. That she clung so tenaciously to her disguise when assured of her overwhelming success, shows the innate delicacy and modesty of her nature. More than two years she guarded the secret, and it was finally divulged, mainly through the shrewd guess of a north-countryman, who keenly enjoyed the life-likeness of her characters.

On her thirty-second birthday she wrote thus: "It seems to me, that sorrow must come some time to every body, and those who scarcely taste it in their youth, often have a more brimming and bitter cup to drain in after life; whereas, those who exhaust the dregs early, who drink the lees before the wine, may reasonably hope for more palatable draughts to succeed."

Pleasant the thought — but it was not for her. Even then the feet of the bearers were at the door, which should not stay till they had laid three more beside those who already rested in the churchyard. Branwell, who had yielded himself body and soul to the intoxication of opium, and was wearing out father and sisters by slow torture, was the first taken. When he felt the last

agony coming on, he insisted, with a strange flash of the old energy, on standing up to die, and thus he yielded his poor, misguided soul into the hands of his Judge. "He is in God's hands now," wrote Charlotte, "and the All-Powerful is likewise the All-Merciful." * * * Till the last hour comes we never know how much we can forgive, pity, regret a near relative. All his vices were and are nothing now. We remember only his woes."

But a deeper pang was about to smite her loving heart. Emily was in a confirmed consumption, and never left her home after the week succeeding her brother's death. Emily was a very singular being. Her character was one of exaggerated and even repellant strength; self-contained and self-sufficing, reserved almost to rudeness in the presence of strangers, approachable only within bounds by her dearest friends. She was to most a strange riddle, and lovely only to her own family, who knew the solid worth and hidden friendliness of her heart. When cheek, and cough, and labored breath betrayed too surely the fatal malady, she would permit neither aid nor sympathy. She would take no medicine, suffer no inquiry, and relax no accustomed task. On the very day of her death, when her sisters looked on in dumb and helpless anguish, she dressed herself feebly and with gasping breath, and took her sewing. Till nearly noon she strove to keep up the miserable farce, but Death was too strong even for her. Two hours after she signified her willingness to see a physician she was a corpse.

It was not in the first hush of this great bereavement that she to whom Emily was the "nearest thing on earth," felt the full force of the stroke. Afterward, when the last sister had been laid by her side, these sorrowful words were pressed from lips seldom opened to complain: "Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through — that at night I shall

go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless — that next morning I shall wake to them again, sometimes I have a heavy heart of it. But crushed I am not yet; nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavor. I am aware, and can acknowledge, I have many comforts, many mercies. Still I can *get on*."

From Emily's death, Anne, long delicate, sickened rapidly with the same disorder. She was the father's favorite — the nursling of the flock; open, tender, confiding, willing for the sake of those who loved her to submit to any treatment they desired. The best medical advice was sought for, and Charlotte nursed her night and day when her own heart was sick with grief and foreboding. Through the long winter and the freshening spring she tended that "one ewe lamb" of her love, as only *the last* are tended, wrestling with her sorrow for the dead in tenderness to the dying.

On one of the last days of spring Miss Bronte and a friend, one of the few she *knew* and *loved entirely*, bore the invalid to the seaside, more to gratify a longing wish than with any hope of benefit. The shadow of death lay on her brow before she left her father's gate — the friends looked at each other with an awful terror, but forebore to break her last illusion. Four days after reaching the shore the change came. All was peace and sweetness and holy triumph about that bedside; the doctor came and went when he listed — the inmates of the house scarcely knew that Death was in their midst — it was the dying sister who whispered to the living, "Take courage, Charlotte; take courage." Anne was laid by the seaside, for so she would have willed it.

It is very evident that Miss Bronte was sustained under these repeated and overwhelming trials by a Christian hope. So sincere was she, and so little given to exaggerate her emotions, that the occasional expression of Divine consolation which is dropped in her letters at this period, weighs more

than pages of declamation from more demonstrative natures.

Literary avocations formed a wholesome diversion to her after her return home. Her second work, "Shirley," commenced when the family circle was entire, completed with no cordial voice of sisterly approval, was the chief employment of the following year. At one time the whole labor of the household devolved upon her, besides the care of two sick servants. It was on this occasion that Tabby, whom she rescued one morning from the kitchen fire and nursed tenderly through a severe sickness, exclaimed, "Eh! she's a good one — she *is*."

Miss Bronte naturally felt much anxiety as to the reception of Shirley. Its success, if not so marked and brilliant as that of Jane Eyre, was fully as gratifying. She says: "The reviews are superb; and were I dissatisfied with them, I should be a conceited ape." Soon after its publication she made her first grand visit to London. She and Anne had taken a flying trip there a year or two previous, to settle some question as to the identity of Currer and Acton Bell, starting off at a few hours' notice in the night train, breakfasting at an old coffee-house in London, frequented by their father in his Cambridge days, posting straight to the publishers to set themselves right in an affair implicating their honor, as they believed, startling these gentlemen with a first vision of their great unknown correspondent, visiting the opera with them in their high made country dresses, because they had too much delicacy to decline an offered courtesy, and going home in a few days in a state of complete weariness and bewilderment.

Miss Bronte's relations with the publishers had always been of the most cordial character, and she accepted their invitation to London, not without nervous dread, but as a needful change from the monotony of home. Her natural shyness, and retired habits of life, made first contact with strangers very trying to her. She had an

exaggerated notion of her personal defects. "I notice," said she, "that after a stranger has once looked at my face, he is careful not to let his eyes wander to that part of the room again;"—a most absurd notion, for she was generally thought very plain, but still attractive. The finding a stranger at a friend's house, where she was expecting to see only familiar faces, was enough to dash her spirits, and keep her quiet a whole evening. During this London visit, although by express stipulation and the delicate consideration of her host she was allowed to keep much in the shade, she could not but be aware that she was under the surveillance of many eyes, and she herself both dreaded and longed to meet men of letters whose works she had read with reverence. She had several interviews with Thackeray, whose good opinion she especially coveted, moving as he did in the highest circle of her own literary sphere. Finding that Miss Martineau was in town, she called upon her, and thus commenced one of the most valued intimacies of her life. We quote the impressions of an eye-witness of their introduction, because it gives a pleasanter impression of Miss Bronte than some earlier sketches:

"Miss Bronte was announced, and in came a young-looking lady, almost child-like in stature, in deep mourning, dress neat as a Quaker's, with her beautiful hair smooth and brown, her fine eyes blazing with meaning, and her sensible face indicating a habit of self-control. She came—hesitated one moment at finding four or five people assembled—then went straight to Miss Martineau with intuitive recognition, and with the free masonry of good feeling and gentle breeding, she soon became as one of the family seated round the tea-table; and, before she left, she told them in a simple, touching manner, of her sorrow and isolation, and a foundation was laid for her intimacy with Miss Martineau."

Returning after a few weeks of distracting, wholesome excitement, and

climbing the quiet Haworth hillside, Miss Bronte gladly greeted the old parsonage, dear to her in its contrasted rudeness, since her late experience of London splendor, dearer for its sacred memories, and present filial duties.

But she soon became aware that she could no longer bury herself there as she had done; fame had become too potent for her, and would not down at her bidding. Haworth was a place of pilgrimage. Liveried carriages toiled up the steep street, and ladies of gentle blood picked their way among the "rain-blackened tombstones" to the parsonage. The old church became populous on Sundays, and the sexton pocketed many a fee for pointing out the little plain lady who stole so quietly and reverently to her seat. The Yorkshire men, curt in speech but kind at heart, had shouldered her fame, and were ready to cudgel any critic who frowned on their favorite. This rude, honest gallantry was very gratifying to Miss Bronte, and soothed her under many a galling criticism. Approval she did not affect to despise, but notoriety was not to her taste. She compared herself to an ostrich, seeking to hide her head in the heathery moor. Invitations to the seats of the neighboring gentry were pressed upon her, but she could seldom persuade herself to leave her father, or enter mixed society. Occasional trips she took to London, one, of a few days, to Scotland, and another to "the Lakes." The latter she would have greatly enjoyed alone, or with a quiet friend, but, as the guest of a noble family, and the central figure in a large company, she felt painfully that she was being *lionized*, and repressed all the enthusiasm which was awakened by this first experience of the grandly picturesque.

In the autumn of 1850, Miss Bronte revised the works of ELLIS and ACTON BELL, for a new edition, prefixing a short, touching biography of her sisters. It was sad, brooding work, and not good for her in her solitary home,

where everything within and without the old, unchanging place, every aspect of sky and moor revived the past. The associations were so exquisitely painful to her that she could never write in the evening without passing a sleepless night. Friends who marked her depression sought to draw her away by occasional visits; but she put aside all such allurements till her sacred task was fulfilled.

By this time the world was asking after Curren Bell, and her publishers were importunate for another volume, but she was in no condition to respond. "*Villette*" was commenced, but made slow progress, being laid aside sometimes for months at a time. "Perhaps," she wrote, "Curren Bell has his secret moan about these matters; but if so, he will keep it to himself. It is an affair about which no words need be wasted, for no words can make a change; it is between him and his position, his faculties and his taste."

The following summer she visited the Great Exhibition, of which she makes this note: "It is a marvellous, stirring, bewildering sight — a mixture of a genii palace and a mighty bazaar, but is not much in my way; I like the lecture (Thackeray's) better." Miss Bronte received many marked attentions from noble personages, was breakfasted by Rogers, and ciceroned by Sir David Brewster, but her great treat was the course of lectures above alluded to. Even there, in the "mirth circle" of good breeding, she had to pay the penalty of fame — fashion having the vulgarity to form itself in double file along the entrance of the lecture-hall, that it might have the privilege of peeping under the bonnet of a timid, nervous woman.

The following summer is noticeable for a pilgrimage to the grave of her sister Anne. It was a tearful task, but better done than left. She could not rest till she had seen with her own eyes whether her "little one" slept well, — whether all the offices she had directed for the place of her repose were well done. She found several

errors in the lettering of the monument, had it recut, gave a few days to sea air and sweet and mournful fancies, and left the spot forever.

A few months later, *Villette*, which had so long hung heavy on her hands, was finished and dispatched to London. "I said my prayers," she says, "when I had done it," and well she might, for it was the last expression of her genius. We shall refer again to this powerful tale in connection with her other works, only remarking here that its reception by the public was most satisfactory to its author; it sustained her previous reputation, it could not well increase it.

We should like to reveal the admirable woman more in the sight of her friendships. Here she is altogether beautiful; nor are we saddened by the sombre colors which darken her family history. She never had more than half a dozen intimate friends, nor so many to whom she unfolded herself fully and entirely. But those whom her soul elected by its own unerring affinities, she bound to her with "hooks of steel." Her own character was built up of *honesty*, and it was the first and last quality she demanded of a friend. It was her jealousy of truth that made her so guarded against over-demonstrativeness in love. To one of her letters in which she had used the word "darling," she adds the postscript, "Strike out that word 'darling,' it is humbug. Where's the use of protestations? We've known each other and liked each other a good while; that's enough." One can not read her letters, simple and quiet as they are, without saying, "here is a heart worth winning, here is a friend who bestows freely, and demands only plain, unexaggerated attachment in return."

We come now to that brief vision of happiness which brightened and closed Miss Bronte's troubled but right noble life. Three offers of marriage she had received and rejected; she was now past the midway mark of life, and thought only to walk still in her solitary path; but it was to be otherwise.

Rev. Arthur Nicholls, for eight years curate of Mr. Bronte, and a frequent guest at the parsonage, had long observed and loved its mistress — loved her before she became famous, loved her since, secretly, and without hope. At length he gained courage to speak. It was a December evening, and Miss Bronte was in her sitting-room — her father and his curate in the study. Presently there was a tap at her door, and “like lightning it flashed upon me what was coming. He entered. He stood before me. What his words were you can imagine; his manners you can hardly realize, nor can I forget it. He made me for the first time feel what it costs a man to declare affection when he doubts response. * * The spectacle of one, ordinarily so statue-like, thus trembling, stirred, and overcome, gave me a strange shock. I could only entreat him to leave me then, and promised him a reply on the morrow. I asked if he had spoken to papa. He said he dared not. I think I half led, half put him out of the room.”

Miss Bronte carried this declaration straight to her father. He had always been hostile to her marriage, and he met this proposal with particular and marked aversion. Charlotte saw that he was greatly moved, and she forbore. She waited not to question her own heart — she had already proved that it could *endure*, though it might *suffer* — she questioned only the peace of her aged father, and dismissed her lover the next day. The subject was dropped; for a year it was not resumed. Mr. Nicholls resigned his curacy, and left the parish dejected and suffering. Miss Bronte moved about outwardly tranquil, but those who knew her best perceived that a shadow lay on her heart. Perhaps her father saw it — perhaps his heart smote him; at any rate he gradually softened toward Mr. Nicholls, and finally gave his cordial, cheerful consent to the union. Then when this dutiful daughter saw her father looking forward with great content, and even with impatience to

her bridal, she had her reward for her great forbearance.

The little preparations for the wedding were hastened — why should they not when her aged father and pastor waited to bless them before he died. Some modest embellishments were added to the parsonage — a little study was contrived for the coming inmate, with cheerful hangings of white and green — the good bishop sent his congratulations and his blessing — farewell visits were made — spring brightened into summer — two of Charlotte's earliest friends arrived — the night before the wedding had come. Just at bed-time Mr. Bronte decided not to go to church in the morning. Here was a dilemma — who should give the bride away? No gentlemen were invited to assist but the clergyman and groomsmen. No one in Haworth it was supposed knew of the bridal. Miss Wooller, her old teacher, and one of the two friends, offered to do it; the Rubric was consulted, it did not forbid, and so it was arranged.

They went to church in the cheerful morning hours, and as they came out, though they had not willed it, many friendly faces were there to bless the pale bride, looking like a snow-drop they said, in her pure white dress and mantle, and an affectionate “God speed you” followed her as she went with her husband to visit his relatives.

Miss Bronte's marriage was not brilliant, not what many would have sought for her, but it satisfied her heart. She married an honorable Christian gentleman, modest and quiet in manners, grave and sincere in character; he offered her the devotion of a noble heart, she took it, and was content. Beautifully has her faithful friend and loving biographer tinted the soft picture of her wedded happiness:

“Henceforth the sacred doors of home are closed upon her married life. We, her loving friends, standing outside, caught occasional glimpses of brightness, and pleasant, peaceful

murmurs of sound, telling of the gladness within; and we looked at each other and gently said, 'After a hard and long struggle, after many cares and many bitter sorrows, she is tasting happiness!' We thought of the slight astringencies of her character, and how they would turn to full ripe sweetness in that calm sunshine of domestic peace. We remembered her trials, and were glad in the idea that God had seen fit to wipe away the tears from her eyes. Those who saw her saw an outward change in her look, telling of inward things. And we thought, and we hoped, and we prophesied in our great love and reverence."

Pleasantly sped life at the parsonage now. Distant friends came to congratulate; a simple entertainment was given to the villagers in acknowledgement of their warm welcome; two loving children tended the white-haired father instead of one: and so the curtains of winter were drawn about the little household.

But the pleasant dream was almost over. Mrs. Nicholls became ill; several exposures in the late autumn had produced a severe and confirmed cold, but in addition she was suffering the "sacred primal sorrow of her sex." As spring came she grew worse, and to the encouraging assurances of friends she could only say, "I dare say I shall be glad some time — but I am so ill, so weary." From her sick bed she wrote — and it is her last written utterance: "No kinder, better husband than mine, it seems to me, there can be in the world. I do not want now for the kindest companionship in health, and the tenderest nursing in sickness."

Daily she grew fainter and weaker, till about the last of March, (1855,) the decisive change appeared; "a low wandering delirium came on; and in it she begged constantly for food and even for stimulants; she swallowed eagerly now, but it was too late. Wakening for an instant from this stupor of intelligence, she saw her

husband's woe-worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. 'Oh!' she whispered forth, 'I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us — we have been so happy.' And thus she died!

(To be concluded.)

GONE.

LIST to the midnight lone!
The church clock speatheth with a solemn tone.
Doth it no more than tell the time?
Hark, from that belfry gray,
In each deep-booming chime which, slow and clear,
Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,
A stern voice seems to say,
Gone! gone;
The hour is gone — the day is gone;
Pray.

The air is hushed again,
But the mute darkness woos to sleep in vain.
O, soul! we have slept too long,
Yea, dreamed the morn away,
In visions false and feverish unrest,
Wasting the work-time God hath given and blest.
Conscience grows pale to see
How, like a haunting face,
My youth stares at me out of gloom profound,
With rayless eyes blank as the darkness round,
And wailing lips which say,
Gone! gone;
The morn is gone — the morn is gone;
Pray.

Wo for the wasted years,
Born bright with smiles, but buried with sad tears!
Their tombs have been prepared
By Time, that gravesman gray.
Soul, we may weep to count each mournful stone,
And read the epitaph engraved thereon
By that stern carver's hand.
Yet weep not long, for Hope,
Steadfast and calm, beside each headstone stands,
Gazing on Time, with upward pointing hands.
Take we this happy sign,
Up! let us work — and pray.

Thou, in whose sight the hoary angels fly
Swift as a summer's noon, yet whose stern eye
Doth note each moment lost,
So let me live that not one hour misspent,
May rise in judgment on me, penitent,
But, till the sunset, Lord,
So in Thy vineyard toil,
That every hour a priceless gem may be
To crown the blind brows of Eternity.

LONG LIFE AND LENGTH OF DAYS.

BY REV. CHARLES STARR BAILEY.

SITUATED as we are upon this stage of life, every individual seems to consider it his best endeavor to secure for himself what in his view, amounts to the greatest individual satisfaction. No matter how various, how complex these views may be, or how much they may stand in opposition to each other, still individual agencies and habits have quite established them, and their influences upon the moral and religious phases of the world have been fearful in action and result. And indeed it seems that no matter how much may be the overthrow of life from a disposition to follow repeated experiments, yet every successive year brings upon us its usual train of experimenters, with the usual result of moral death and degradation. Every man believes himself to be right in his opinions and views of life, and, consequently, as there are so many individualities, there will be corresponding conformities. Ever so limited a view of the vast arena of life will convince you of this.

And it seems to me that quite an excellent argument upon the question of human agency is to be seen in this decided antagonistic battle of life, full as it is of so many parts and counterparts. Man, with a great and indomitable will power, striving and exerting to produce for *himself*, not for God, the most satisfactory ends and accomplishments, collecting about him so many complicated materials by which to work out human plans and selfish satisfactions. And no two alike—so various are they, so indefinite, so wonderful multiform,—indeed, much like the pictures produced by the prismatic glass of the kaleidoscope, not so beautiful nor so symmetrical do I mean, but diverse and infinite in variety. It is an argument, at least, that there is something very decidedly independent in this matter of human character.

Whether the question of Necessity or Free-will be ever settled or not, one thing seems to be plain enough, that there is about man, his life, and manner of living much that seems to rest upon individual responsibilities. And we talk of these responsibilities as if man were a being with individual impulses and agencies, and we presume he has these, when we enact laws for his advocacy and obedience. And how much of a trial is it, this advocacy and obedience? Not only God's Law, but all these human codes and regulations for social order and harmony, how much of a task is it for man to obey! Christ calls from the Mount, and judges from senate benches, and we all declare how beautiful life would be, if Christ were heard, if the law were obeyed. How much does it stand to reason that were it not for this will to be contrary and selfish, man could at once be brought into a divine recognition of the law. Indeed, how easy a matter, if men were influenced by a Divine principle, to mould himself divinely, for his very spirit would be a divine and acceptable spirit, and man in all his thoughts, habits, and actions, a creature of holy obedience and love.

But look at life as it is. We behold the picture! They are good sometimes, and sometimes bad. Sometimes it is the picture of temperance and sobriety, and then again that of drunkenness and moral death, religion and irreligion, crime and virtue, sin and misery. Well, all these pictures or phases stand out as so many strong facts upon the platform of life. And as we look at them, reason upon them, turn them over again and again as it were to find out the secret spring, there is a philosophy that never fails to dictate that this very spring and motive of life lies in the fact of an *individual responsibility*. So, when we call man a responsible being, we mean simply that he is the doer, and the actor, and the thinker. We presume he acts for himself, and thinks for himself, and when he ceases to do this, we

do not recognize him as valid, and under the recognition of Christian law. Thus the law of Christ takes man when he is responsible, and not when he is irresponsible. But I did not intend to give you a dissertation on Free Agency.

Every man believes himself to be right. Indeed, it is considered a matter of extreme presumption to dictate to some men how they should live. There is nothing so delightful, we say, as to make our own land-marks, survey our own ground, and drive our own stakes. Each man for himself! Thus with this spirit of independence — for it is called independence sometimes to be free from all kinds of restraint — man rushes into the greatest excesses of crime, plunges with a heedless disposition into the very jaws of misery, tramples underfoot law, reason, and plain common sense, and ends his career as a reeling sot, a murderer with the roe about his neck, or the convict surrounded by gloomy associations and damp walls for life.

My object in this brief article will be, to show you how these aims of life, so many times destructive, instead of being satisfactory to a real enjoyment, might be turned by a due attention and obedience, in an unfailing virtuous direction. Human pleasures are mostly human follies; and that which we are sometimes pleased to call a satisfaction, is but a trifling prelude to a dead march in the night of disappointment. The young man, for instance, at manhood's threshold looks out upon the future with a delightful, exuberant fancy, and the colors are all beautiful, and the outline perfect, and in the foreground of his young life are many hopes and promises inviting him with a fair speech, to walk forth and try the wheel of Fortune. Thousands have stood where he now stands, and have looked into the same bright and hopeful future. Rum glares out from many a scene of want and destitution — warnings echo from a thousand doors of squalid misery. He sees the brain whirl, and the man toss from life to

death. Thousands are taking their fearful plunge into the whirlpool of shame and prostitution. No matter for this: he is a responsible man. Let others fight and battle down in the strongholds of sin, he will be man enough not to give way to the tempting hand held out to drag him in and down.

From the fearful picture of ruin and waste he turns, and there are the quiet walks of life, and there are contentment and religion giving out their delightful awards. This quiet walk and easy contentment of a religious life does not glitter with a romantic coloring, nor will you find among the worshipers that go daily to drink of the pure waters of Life such as attend the altar of Fashion, and dance to the bewitching strains in the seraglio of lust and pride. He thinks therefore that the religious life is a dull affair, and if the other side of the picture presents so many mistakes, it is rather the excess, and not the principle that is wrong.

You will find him to be a strong debater on the question of individuality. He is strong enough to resist all temptation, and will be quite enthusiastic on the subject of knowing how to drive his own conduct to suit himself. Religious forms and precepts will meet with but little favor at his hands, as he sees in them a kind of impracticable restraint, which meddles with the spirit of independence. Hence religious people are said to be a servile people, and the duties of religion a great bore.

While he stands at this very threshold of life, he will talk of his father as the "*old man*," and wonder how he could ever live to be as old as he was, and still be in such a close association with the church. But the times are progressive, and the young man fast. The philosophy of the present has outgrown the Bible of the past, and hence all those are philosophers who give "go by" to religion, and those are "fogies" who will not recognize the claims of the *new philosophy* as valid

and practical. Still he admits that the "old man" has a wonderful run of "good luck," but it is idle to presume that his success in life can be owing to his connection with a church, and a due attention to the practical duties of religion. The fact is, *he rather likes the other side!* There is a romance about it, and there is an unmistakable delight, which novelists call a charming delirium. And when he has entered the lists, and commenced his hand-to-hand fight for the success, he finds indeed what he really expected, that the joy is supreme. There is a gay intoxication about it, and his senses become charmed at once. If the fight would end in a day, and he vanquished in a day, it would only take a day to prove the Bible to be right; but such is the alluring, the intoxicating and gradual growth of the disease, that sometimes years of a dazzling and bewitching idolatry pass away before the real fact of the dreadful progress appears in all its hideousness. But he will take a firm grasp, and nothing can upset him. He will not fall — no, not he! Still he admits that he has gained a very little in force of habit. He does not deny, after the passage of a single year, his dream increases, nor does he wonder at it. It is rather necessary it should. What once was sufficient to intoxicate and make the day pass away with a brilliant round, does not seem sufficient now, and there are additional made; timely auxiliaries thrown in to keep up the tide of pleasure.

LENGTH OF DAYS! let us number them. At the age of twenty-five he is a genteel young man, and a fashionable drinker, and they put him down at the side of Fancy. He has the independence to let good liquor know its place, and he scorns a man who hangs by the lamp-post in broad daylight. Five years more and he hangs *occasionally* at the same place, and he seems to have lost his control over good liquor. The fact is, good liquor has got him now snug, safe, and no

mistake. How he talks now of independence, and believes that just as much as ever he is the freest man in the whole republic!

We will put him five more years on, and he is now thirty-five. His dissertation on independence has ended. He has given up good liquor, and gone down to the three-cent whisky shop. They call him a loafer — and so he is. And somewhere there is another young man looking at him, standing on the threshold of another young life, and would you believe it, really avowing that he can step out into life, turn the same wheel, and avoid such a downfall. He tries it, and away he goes just like him. And so they go, one after another, as I remarked before, into the very whirlpool of destruction.

I saw a case a few months ago at the Philadelphia Hospital. A young man gifted and clever hearted, had parents that were a blessing to him, and affectionate sisters who hung about the darkness of his path like stars on midnight skies. But the star of affection had no brightness for him. He had taken a throw, and the throw was a big one. With a maddening cry, and a bold rush he had made the trial. Constitution naturally weak, and possessed of an ardent temperament, the habits of sin were easily formed, and their work upon the physical man rapid and dreadful. Reason was hurled from its throne, the brain became a bloated mass, the body a loathsome sight, and there, upon a dreadful dying bed, in the wildness of despair and misery, was about to end his life. *Length of days!* how long — indeed, how short! I think one of the most appalling sights in this life, is to see a man shattering his constitution by being a slave to vice. It is sorrowful to reflect that there are thousands doing this every day.

The only way to experience long life and length of days is to live as God ordained we should. There is but one way to live. There can not be two ways, or a dozen ways, but simply one

way. While there are a thousand modes by which a man may be hurled from happiness to misery, there is but one way to obtain real satisfaction and enjoyment in life. The religion in this matter is very old, and we shall never want any other principle than that already laid down by Jesus, for the conduct of life. Begin right. The first step generally determines the character of the journey we take. Look out for the first step. Plant your foot down in the right place, and at the right time, and every step you take let it be onward and upward. Nothing easier to win if you go prepared.

I have already written more than I intended when I set out. But I have said enough I trust to convince young men who read these lines, that upon entering life they should be careful as to their first associations. You will find plenty of "gay fellows" ready at any time to lead you down the steps to shame. They are going down, and they must have association. Resist all temptations. Place your hand upon your heart, and declare your purpose to be for "*long life and length of days.*" Avoid the intoxicating bowl as you would the open mouth of a crocodile. If you have a father, listen to his admonitions, and respect the gray hairs of your kind mother. Help to make flowers of love grow up at the door of your home, and on the family altar help to raise an offering of praise and prayer to God.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak pleasantly yourself.

"Do n't tell me of to-morrow,
Give me the men who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!"

"WELDEN AND I."

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

In gladness we journeyed together,
And none were so happy as we;
Bright blossoms were nodding in beauty,
And soft winds swept over the lea.

One time to our hearts came a sorrow,
Which thorn-like brought anguish and pain;
But each wiped the brow of the other,
And whispered of comfort again.

True love was the magic that lightened
The burdens each pilgrim must bear;
That sweetened the dregs of the life-cup,
And silvered the clouds of dull care.

But once when the glories of sunset
Their beams on our pathways had thrown,
"Oh, Libbie!" he said, "I must leave you
To finish life's journey alone."

Then thick closed the shadows around me,
And naught could a ray of hope bring,
Till I saw 'mid the darkness of earth-land
The gleam of a heavenly wing.

And now, as I look o'er the river
That borders the bright, promis'd land,
I fancy there waiteth to guide me
A spotless, an unerring hand.
July, 1857.

TREASURED SORROWS.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

How the outward mocks the hidden,
With its gairish gleams of joy!
How the cold, dead past unbidden,
Comes to mingle its alloy!

How the tear-drops though we hide them,
Burn their furrows on our brow! —
Leave their stains with smiles beside them
On the *then*, and on the *now*.

Gropingly about the treasure
That we buried long ago,
Seek we still to fill life's measure
With the dregs of hidden woe.

Leave the ashes of the olden,
Oh ye mockers of life's bliss!
Gather up the jewels golden,
Or ye'll weep when these ye miss.

Grasp them ere they pass forever!
Grasp them though they turn to dust!
Better love and be forgotten,
Than to *never* love, or trust.

BUFFALO, July 1, 1857.

THE PURITY OF THE PRESS.

BY MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

THROUGH this Journal, which is especially intended for mothers, let me address you on the subject of the ordinary newspaper press of the day. And if some of you who read are the wives of editors, and the mothers of their children, so much the better.

Editors are a class of our citizens who exercise an important function for good or evil; and if in any respect it is for evil, we believe that in far the greater number of cases it is done through ignorance or thoughtlessness. But as mothers, we can not allow our young sons and daughters to become by their means demoralized, without an effort to prevent it. Nor do we want our own feelings outraged by having printed sheets brought to our homes and lying upon our tables, which no modest woman can read without a blush.

There is at this time too much of a disposition among some of our editors, by minute details of immoral actions of different kinds, to pander to a depraved taste; thus educating the young in the school of crime. Perhaps all do not understand how such consequences will follow. We will explain, by referring to one of the most important principles of education.

Many mothers of our country are now educated women, and understand what the most profound philosophers have taught concerning the human mind. All these have treated of the desire of imitation as one of the most efficient principles of human nature, and remarked that it is particularly active in the minds of the young. When a child—and it is the same in degree with older persons—gets a distinct idea of the exact manner in which an action is performed, then there arises in his mind a desire to perform it. The final cause of this principle, which thus operates on the minds of the young, is that the coming generation may imitate the improvements of the past. But the prin-

ciple works instinctively, and under its operation the child will readily imitate evil actions as good ones.

I saw a child of ten months old, who had been watching his father through the process of shaving, and had contrived to get hold of the razor, lifting his little hand to apply its edge to his own throat. My mother, who was a farmer's wife, would never suffer her little boys to witness the slaughtering of animals, for she had known a case where some lads had undertaken to imitate butchering, and one dear little fellow lay down to be the lamb, and fell a victim to the fatal exactness with which his older brother played the butcher.

But this principle goes farther than the imitation of actions seen. When distinct conceptions are formed in the mind, either by pictures or by descriptions, the same instinctive desire of imitation arises. Hence the demoralizing tendency of the minute descriptions of crime contained in so many of our newspapers. When people not too good to relish such things, are reading exactly how murder is committed, how the victim is disposed of, they are learning what to do if their convenience requires similar deeds. The good mother has for children an instinctive dread of their reading these descriptions, whether in newspapers or books, even as she has of their companionship with persons who perform, or are bad enough to perform the wicked deeds. We are told that mothers in a neighboring city rose at dawn, during a late trial there, to get the newspapers and destroy them, before they fell into the hands of their children.

How long will it be before fathers will refuse to allow such papers to visit their homes? —*Mothers' Journal.*

Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within; we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot.

GLEANINGS.

GATHERED BY MRS. N. K. PHILLIPS.

BEING A FEW OF THE MOST FRAGRANT OF THE SPICE
ISLANDS PASSED IN THE SEA OF READING.

THE following little poem, by Mrs. H. L. Bostwick, is exquisite. It is, as Willis says, "one of those poems that one can not see to read through:"

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

'T was a tiny rosewood thing,
Ebon bound, and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, blank, and bright,
Downy pillowed, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
'Mid the dust, and scent, and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting empty — ah! for whom?

Ah! what love-watched cradle-bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head;
Or, on what soft, pillowy breast
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long, with darkened eye
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still, and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words, that must be there,
Little words, cut deep and true,
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew —
Sweet, pet name, and "AGED TWO."

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plumes
Round our pathway cast a gloom
Chill and darksome, as the shade
By an infant's coffin made!
From our arms an angel flies,
And our startled, dazzled eyes
Weeping round its vacant place,
Can not rise its path to trace,
Can not see the angel's face!

HERE is a savory bit of philosophy.
Flavor your breakfast with it, dear
reader — you will be the happier:

"When any thing wicked is reported to me, I am in the habit of saying to my wife and Tidy, 'Do n't believe it; do n't believe a word of it; wait until some professor has proved,

first, that it is possible, next, that it is probable, and lastly, that it is true.' And as to ourselves, let us believe that we have many right good friends whom we have never seen or heard of, and that here and there about the world, many and many a good word is being said about us, that we never hear! In this pleasant faith, sir, we live day by day." UP COUNTRY LETTERS.

BUT the suns *will* shine, and the rains *will* fall
On the loftiest, and lowliest spot,
And there's mourning and merriment mingled
for all,
That inherit the human lot.
So we'll laugh and we'll cry, we'll sing and
we'll sigh,
And life *will* have wintry weather;
But we'll *love*, and *hope* on, since *you*, *love*,
and *I*,
Are husband and wife together.
GERALD MASSEY.

THE LITTLE HINDERING THING.

* * * * *
Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly, slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall:
Her *little hindering thing* is gone,—
And undisturbed she may work on!
ANON.

WHENEVER we shed tears, we take
pity on ourselves; and we feel, if we
do not consciously say so, that we de-
serve to have the pity taken.
LEIGH HUNT.

It is time, high time, my old friend,
to be ready for the long journey.
Time for us to do something more,
than to loiter about the world, eating,
and drinking, and sleeping, and being
in some weak fashion, respectably de-
cent, and passably amiable, and not
outrageously vile. For, wherever we
go, into whatever place of abode,
when we leave these ashes, and take
on the higher life, shall we not carry
with us this winged and fiery spirit,
which, if we curb it not now, and

chasten it not now, and master it not now, *will then master us!*"

UP COUNTRY LETTERS.

So goes away, with the richness and silentness of blessing, our Up Country Sunday; and then comes twilight — of all its hours, the most serene and holy — and the day has gone. Up into heaven, with the thousands that have gone before, it has ascended and there sits in glory! Beautiful day! thou hast gone home to God: to God and the angels, and the mighty hosts gathered in that blessed land. Gone up to sit in glory forever? Beautiful day, farewell! IBID.

My own, my own, oh, who shall dare
Thus to defy pain, woe, and strife,
When chance, and change are everywhere,
And death walks hand in hand with life?
ANON.

HESPER'S NIGHT REVERIES.

IT is true that "consistency is a precious jewel," and the "HOME" is accumulating new excellencies in my eyes every month, from the beautiful consistencies of its columns.

It has not on one of its first leaves a splendidly colored fashion plate, which we are assured adds much to its worth, while one or two columns are taken up in describing the adorning of each figure, the color and quality of the dress, the kind and quantity of trimming used, the precise shade of the gloves and gaiters, the exquisite bandeaux of the hair, the "love of a bonnet," with its ribbons, flowers and trailing frills, and, in short, the magnificence of the dress throughout — while another part of the same number is devoted to chiding our sex for their extravagance in dress, bewailing the fact that marriages have been on the decrease for the past ten years, all because our women devote so much time and money to dress, that the men can

not support them, and are obliged to live in lonely bachelorhood.

It does not in one place denounce woman for living in indolent ease, and shutting herself up from the fresh air, like a hot-house plant, that she may appear like a piece of delicate wax-work, a pretty piece of breathing flesh for man to look upon and exclaim, "Charming creature! Beautiful!!" while in another it descants upon the enviable attributes of the heroine of some tale, whose sole excellencies seem to consist in the possession of these very qualities.

It does not decry coffee and tea as injurious to parent and child, and then turn and recommend a newly invented vessel for making the fragrant drinks, and tell us they can be made too at the table where the husband can watch his wife while she prepares it with her delicate hands.

O, fie! I would like to know how we who take hold of housekeeping as a reality can always have delicate hands. The potatoes and apples will stain our fingers, the dish-water and suds will affect the outer cuticle, so that they will look rough at times; and though I do admire to see a delicate hand on a woman, the hundreds of us who make home the centre of our cares and hopes and labors, must wear hands that show they are made of flesh and blood, that are exposed to changes; and I am glad our Editress is consistent, and does not invest the women she would have us copy, with alabaster brows, and sylph-like forms and complexions, where the lily and the rose are most delicately combined. If we make life a reality, labor earnestly with the hands, the mind and the heart, I believe she would think,

"What though the sun with ardent frown
Has slightly tinged our cheeks with brown."

I know she is one who has tried the stern realities of home, and knows how, while she does not neglect its duties, to think for those around her outside its precincts, or she could not thus say to us just what we need. I have long wished some one would write for us who live in log-cabins, walk on bare

floors, and sit on wooden or splint bottom chairs, and write too as though they believed us invested with the same tastes, capabilities, and accomplishments even as those who dwell in brick or stone edifices, move gracefully on Brussell's carpets, and recline on sofas, and Mrs. AREY knows how to do it. I truly hope she will not be so retiring as to withhold this Reverie of mine from her readers, for I believe many a heart will respond to the sentiment that she is consistent, and knows how to prepare mental aliment for the dwellers in our country homes as well as for those in cities.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

LET us hope that mothers are beginning to realize more clearly than ever before the power they hold over the destinies and character of their children. Let us hope that women are awakening to the truth that to them is intrusted the greatest of God's works on earth; that the gifts of nature are their gifts, and come through their obedience, or are withheld through their disobedience; that not only it is right training of the child in the nursery, but right training of themselves before that commences; that fearful suffering is often caused to mother and child for years, perhaps for the whole of life, by wrong conditions at this important period, by weakness, fretfulness, selfishness, indulgence of the lower appetites, by lack of self-restraint and nobleness. Oh! if women could see and know what fearful power is intrusted to them, and what noble results, what heavenly joy and satisfaction would flow from its faithful use, then what different mothers and children we should see! What different men and women would soon fill the world!

SILENCE — a thing that is often difficult to keep, in exact proportion as it is dangerous not to keep it.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

(Concluded.)

"Faithfully shall she render to the dead the whole duty of a second mother, forgetting never that angels' eyes see, and an angel's recompense shall be hers here."

MR. Winthrop had told Mrs. Dillon, his first mother-in-law, of his intended marriage, and received the brief reply:

"I expected it; men forget so easily the old love when they can get a new wife. In this case 'tis no *new love*, in my opinion."

This was a bitter retort upon her listener, but his benevolent heart called up the natural suffering of a mother at the idea of putting another in her daughter's stead, and he was silent.

Mrs. Dillon muttered to herself as he left the room, "He dare not deny it, he is like all men now; but I'll give her to understand that I appreciate her friendship for my poor child. Friendship for her, to be sure!"

Mr. Winthrop called his children into the little library, and taking Herbert on his knee, and an arm about the other two, told them of their first dear mother who had been taken from them, and that he had decided to give them another who would try to care for them, and love them as the first one had done.

Puss cast aside his arm, and stood like a miniature queen of tragedy, flashing out her indignation from her eyes until her lips quivered so that she could not speak. Tears gathered in her father's eyes, but none came to hers, not one. She looked at him as if he were a monster for a moment, and then as her voice came back to her she turned her gaze upon her brother in haughty wonderment, and called upon him to consider the distress their father was about to bring upon them. The boy felt that he was hardly up to the position he had taken about a new mother, and slid out from his father's encircling arm, and stood half afraid by his sister's side.

"Baby stay with papa," was all the

comfort the little piping voice could give to the sad face bent above him, and his quivering lip and choked utterance showed that he sympathized, though he could not comprehend the sorrow that almost convulsed the father's heart.

The little ones had lost their gentleness of temper, their love and confidence in him; and though he was not hopeless of their reformation, his generosity would not permit him to bring Mary Elton to share the greater half of his misery at home. He knew the disagreeable construction the world always puts upon the conduct a man manifests toward the relatives of the first wife, and dreaded to take steps to remove Mrs. Dillon from the children. He wisely resolved to leave all to the womanly judgment of the one in whom lay his hope for his own and his children's happiness.

He kissed Herbert and put him down, and held out his hands to the other children, the eldest of whom would not, and the youngest dared not take. He turned sadly away from his own hearth, well knowing that though he might enforce obedience, it was not the proper time to do it then. He had a sorrowful drive to Mary Elton's, feeling scarcely less so than when he followed his poor motherless children to their grandmother's.

Why does so foolish a prejudice exist in regard to second mothers? What woman who really and truly loves her husband can desire to consign him to a lonely, companionless life, because a wise Providence calls upon her to resign her place by his side and hearth, and lays her away to rest ere weariness makes her footsteps heavy, or time lays its blanching hand upon her forehead? Shall her children be left to the care of hirelings, or perhaps worse even than that, rather than have another head nestle in fondness where hers had so often lain? Shall she prepare her children for future misery by filling their young hearts with mistaken notions of a new relationship, which in many cases ex-

ceeds the first in happiness. Step-children and adopted ones seem to be set apart for abuse in the minds of the unthinking, no matter how comfortably they may be cared for, and little ones think they are not fulfilling their destiny unless they break their hearts at some real or imagined ill-treatment. However illy the first mother fulfills her duty, the world, that is meddlers, leave her in peace; but let a second mother be a hundred degrees her superior, and still not perfect, and woe betide her peace if she listens to scandal? Why don't people sometimes think?

Well, we feel relieved a little by the above, though understand, dear reader of my narrative, the writer is not a step-mother, but had one—a blessed good one, too—and writes only from personal observation, and not personal experience, as perhaps some on the defensive might suppose.

Mr. Winthrop found Mary Elton with the same quiet smile of welcome upon her lips with which she always greeted him, but it faded out when she saw how sad he looked. He led her into the little parlor, and commenced talking immediately of that which filled his soul so completely.

"Mary, it must be given up. We may not share each other's love. Yes, Mary, it must be given up."

"Why?" was all Mary's lips could say, though they kept moving in utter whiteness.

"You must not be made miserable by the greeting my poor deluded children would give you, nor by their constantly rebellious conduct, and the prejudice of their grandmother," said Mr. Winthrop, nervously and despondingly.

"Is that all?" said Mary, the color coming back to her lips.

"All."

"Then it won't be given up, Mr. Winthrop, unless you desire it."

"I should be less than a man to ask it of you at least at present."

"You need not ask; I am ready to go with you to-night—any time."

My love can and shall conquer all, grandmother included."

"Bless you, Mary; you are my second evangel," was all he could say in reply.

Mrs. . . ., Mary's fellow-occupant in the cottage, was called in, and offered to arrange all matters for them. She put on her bonnet, and walked a few doors away, and asked the pastor to be in church when the new moon was high enough to shine fully into the west windows, and allow no other light to fall on the altar. This had been a wish of Mary's, carelessly expressed some time in conversation with her friend, who now had an opportunity to carry her pretty thought into practice.

The twilight had deepened almost to darkness, when Mary Elton and her newly-made husband rose from the altar. The silvery light from the western sky shone in upon them with a subdued radiance, and tinged their faces with a half-sad, half-hopeful hue, in full accordance with their sad memory of the past, and their trembling gaze at the future.

At midnight they rang at their own door, and were answered by a domestic who quietly let them in, and on being informed of the state of affairs, was wide awake enough to communicate the astonishing event to her companion.

Mrs. Winthrop sought the children's rooms, and found Puss' arm lovingly encircling little Herbert, and a deep flush resting on her pretty cheeks, while the tears which crept out of her eyes were not yet dry upon her long eye-lashes.

A pang went to the heart of the mother, and she knelt down by the bedside, and clasping her white hands fervently, said aloud, "The Lord judge between thee and me, between Lizzie and Mary Winthrop. Amen." She softly kissed the cheek of the sleeping child, who shuddered perceptibly, and then opened her eyes wide upon the new mother.

"Don't you kiss me again, Mary

Elton, or I'll tell my grandmother. You shan't love me, and I won't love you. You coaxed my father to marry you, but you can't coax me to love you," said the high-spirited child.

"I loved your mother, I love your father, and you will let me love you some time, won't you, Puss?"

"Never! If you were not a step-mother I could, but not now, nor ever shall."

It was with a heavy weight upon her spirits that she descended to the library and evaded the inquiring looks of her husband.

He saw the effort, and said with a sigh, "I told you it would be so, Mary. You have a martyr's doom to bear. God grant you a martyr's crown, my darling."

The morning came, and the house was astir early, and the unusual bustle and whisperings told how all its inmates had become aware of the new mistress' coming. Mr. Winthrop had sought the nursery, and brought out Herbert to the verandah and placed him in Mary's arms, and returned back to the children. His whole demeanor had changed, and the most unbending severity was in his tones as he said:

"Children, listen to your father. You can not be made to *love* your new mother, but you *shall respect* her, in words and actions. I'll send you to your room the first display of insolence you manifest in my presence. If you choose to see her first at table, you can have it so."

He left the room, and Puss burst out, "So it's begun just as grandma said it would. If he keeps me in my room a month I won't yield to her."

The bell rang for breakfast, and Mr. Winthrop led his wife in and gave her the grandmother's accustomed seat at the head of the table, with the child at the right. Mrs. Dillon came in, and as if at a late hour she had concluded to "make the best of it," she went up to Mary's chair, and gave her her hand and said:

"Good-morning, Mrs. Winthrop. I

hope you are well, and that we shall all do better in our new relation,"—while her tone and voice told plainly she did not believe they would.

Mary's lips quivered, and she rose and took the offered hand, and put up her face for a kiss, which motion Mrs. Dillon did not choose to see. Puss was astonished at this apparent concession, and resolved that if everybody else forgot her dear dead mother for the pretty face beside the coffee-urn, she would not.

Mrs. Winthrop served the table gracefully, and when it came Puss' turn to be helped, she asked if she would have coffee. The child replied:

"I'll take water now, and grandmother can help me."

She had never been permitted coffee or tea during her mother's life, but of late she had been helped to whatever her capricious fancy chose. A flush came to her father's face, and to avert a less pleasant remark, Mary said:

"I am glad you keep your old cold-water habits, my dear."

Puss pushed back the glass and said haughtily, "I've changed my mind; I'll take a cup of coffee."

The storm could be averted no longer, and Mr. Winthrop said in a subdued tone:

"My child, you may have the remainder of your breakfast in your own room."

Puss arose with great dignity, and imitated her father's way as she replied:

"No, I thank you, I have had plenty of *all*," and took her young majesty out of the room.

In vain was any attempt to restore even an appearance of sociability that morning. Family devotions were sad, and little of the usual hopeful happiness seemed to pervade the house of the newly-wedded pair.

The absence of Puss allowed her brother a little freedom of will, and he replied civilly to his new mother, and forgot himself so far as to listen to an interesting recital of some new story. He attempted to ask her a

question, stopped, blushed, and looked down, when the quick thought of Mrs. Winthrop caught the reason of his hesitancy, and took his little hand in hers and said:

"Your dear *mamma* is in Heaven. I will try and be your *mother* if you will call me so. She loved *mamma* for a name, and she shall always have it, and you may give me the other, if you please."

She bent down, and the great tears were in his eyes. He allowed her to kiss him, and then said:

"I believe you ain't like the rest of them."

"Who, my child?"

"Why, step-mothers."

"Step-mothers are just like other mothers; some are good, and some are not. If Harry will pray for me every night and morning that God will make me kind to these children, I think I will be so. Will you?"

The child was conquered, and he laid his curly head in her lap, and sobbed out, "I've tried so hard to hate you, and I can't. What will Puss say to me?"

"Puss will love me more by-and-by," Mary said.

"No, she won't; nor grandmother either—never! but I will."

Mr. Winthrop brought out the carriage, and on being informed of Harry's change of sentiment, the two boys were taken with the new mother to ride.

It was after all a happy morning to Mary, for she was sure of one step-being taken toward her highest aim—that of bringing the motherless children back to their first simplicity and purity of heart.

Puss saw the carriage drive away, and saw the laughing face of Harry looking up to the new occupant, and burst into a perfect deluge of angry tears. She reproached her grandmother for yielding first, and made the old lady vexed also. She tried to defend her position for a while, but gave it up before the torrent of indignation the young vixen cast upon her.

She tried to say this case might be an exception to general rules, but it was a new idea to the child, and she would not accept it.

The carriage came back before a reconciliation took place between the now hostile parties, and Mrs. Dillon was glad to escape from the child's invectives by accepting Mrs. Winthrop's invitation to take a drive with her. She asked Puss also, who gave one flashing look, and turned disdainfully round and made no reply. Mr. Winthrop helped in the mother, and then his wife, and giving the reins to the hand of the younger, said, "Bonny is perfectly obedient to your hand, and I have important business in the office, so you can ride at your leisure."

The old lady was frightened at the idea that the whole town would think her wonderfully yielding to the sway of the new wife to be seen abroad with her alone the first day after the marriage; but 't was too late to retreat now, so she made amends to her conscience (?) by trying to be as disagreeable as possible, and polite at the same time.

Mary drove to the village cemetery, and assisting the old lady out, without a word walked toward Lizzie's grave. Mrs. Dillon, with all her love for her child, had never seen her last resting-place. Now she found it all a-glow with the sweetest flowers growing upon it, and a great boquet from their own garden lying in the shadow of the white marble cross, on which was inscribed,

"OUR DARLING LIZZIE."

The old lady's heart yielded at this token of unforgetting love by both Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop: the cross from one, and the flowers from the other. She sobbed aloud for awhile, and when she could speak she said:

"Mary Winthrop, tell me before God and above this grave why you married my daughter's husband, when you could have had less care and equal enjoyment with another."

Mary turned pale, as her thoughts went back like lightning to the days

of Lizzie's girlhood and her own; and the bitter trial when Lizzie told of her betrothal to her own ideal — her heart's idol, on whose altar she had lain her girlish love unasked and unknown, but of this she was too much the true woman to speak, when another answer equally true served as well. She replied after a moment's thought:

"I loved Lizzie Dillon, and all I could do for her was to keep her memory and example fresh in the hearts of her children. I loved and do love Mr. Winthrop."

"I will kiss you now," said the subdued old lady, "if you will stoop to do it while I am seated on this grave."

Mary laid her fresh young cheek upon the wrinkled face of Mrs. Dillon, and said:

"May I call you mother, now? Mine went to Heaven long ago, and I want another now."

"Bless you! yes, if you will," came from the quivering lips of the old lady.

"Another gained," thought Mary, as she assisted her new mother into the carriage, with a tenderness truly beautiful.

Mrs. Dillon confessed on her way home that she feared she had not been judicious with the children, and that Puss would give much trouble by her headstrong will.

This was a remarkable concession for so unbending a woman, and argued well for Mary's influence over all the children — those of infirmity and those of tender years.

The little chat Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop had before dinner was a hopeful one, for but one sorrow yet remained to them. Puss had been more enraged at her grandmother for riding out alone with Mr. Winthrop's wife, as she termed the new mother, than for her politeness in the morning. She thought of all the heroines she had read about in her story-books, and resolved never to yield up the memory of her own mother, as she called

obedience to her new one. Harry had not dared to go to the nursery since his return, but spent his morning with Herbert in the garden.

Before the dinner-bell rang, Mr. Winthrop unlocked his writing-desk and drew out the last letter of his wife, saying to himself, "Her love follows me;" he took it to his daughter's room, and asked her to spell it out, while the family were at dinner. She took it tremblingly, for she knew whose hand traced the letters, as she had pored over the hoarded notes of her mother's, written during Puss' visit to her grandmother's, before death came among them, and when another had to read them for her.

Puss was a strong-willed child, but generous, loving, and yielding, if she could have her heart once conquered, but perfectly obstinate if she fancied she was treated with the least injustice. She read the letter through her tears twice deliberately, and groaned out:

"What a wicked child I am to hate the two mother loved best! I'll give it up; I can't wait till dinner is over," and off she ran just as desert was being brought in. Nobody but Herbert touched it that day, for they had a sweeter one in Puss' tears and kisses.

Mrs. Dillon's marvel was ended by a perusal of the letter; and though the tears would come, she persisted that Lizzie was right: she was unfit to care for the children, and their conduct in the morning had proved it.

We will leave them in that place nearest Heaven—a happy, loving home.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.—"Read the biographies of our great and good men and women," says an exchange; "not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashions as with the changing clouds."

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDe.

III.

GIRARD, *April*, 1857.

MY dear M.:—I have been thinking much of you for several weeks past, and am now seated to tell you how much you are blessed in all those life-relations which constitute earth's happiness. In the congeniality of tastes and spirits, which makes your household bond, you have, as it appears to me, a more than commonly high position for enjoyment. A husband alike distinguished for his moral, religious, and philosophic excellence, whose position as a citizen, a statesman, a neighbor, and a *man*, challenges even the green-eyed monster and foul-tongued slander. Children whose youth, so far as may be predicted from that joyous period, give encouragement to hope for the future. As a crowning mercy, competency helps you to the indulgence of taste, either in the refinements of virtue, or the gentle beneficence of cultivated humanity. In short, you possess the power for happiness, which a great poet has said lies in three words: health, ease, and competence. And you know, moreover, from whom all this is derived, and doubtless in your daily orisons render thanksgiving and praise where they are due.

We need not extend our search for contrasts; they meet us almost every turn. In a large majority of cases, scanty means compel to labor—that honorable condition annexed to man's expulsion from his first happy home—and, instead of a blessing and mercy, which it certainly is when viewed aright and used properly, it is considered a hardship, and elicits murmurings against Providence, as if His ways were unequal in allowing so great a disparity in the worldly acquisitions of men, who in other respects are equal. This secret envy begets dissatisfaction; discontent invades the domestic hearth; bickerings and disagreements ensue, that too often lead to quarrels and scenes of terror, where

they "should never come." In these domestic broils, it would be difficult to analyse all the elements that combine to produce such terrible results. Perhaps the most prominent is the influence of a trifling, frivolous, imbecile mother; because she can not be removed from the station in which her husband has placed her, without a disgraceful publicity, which would be worse than the evil complained of.

A judicious, clear-minded woman, with an affectionate heart, a gospel-enlightened understanding, and a sensitive conscience, can largely counteract the worst influence of the worst man. But the obverse presents a painful contrast. The best man in the world can do little to influence the moralities of his household, if in every thing he is counteracted by a weak, vacillating, self-sufficient, determinedly-indulgent mother, who at one time sacrifices veracity to gratify the morbid and forbidden appetites, and in almost the same breath punishes furiously with noisy railing and brutal blows.

Nor is it necessary to fatal results that she should be vicious and depraved. Such a character would work its own cure, by inducing disgust and consequent loss of influence. Human nature seeks indulgence at every stage of life; consequently childhood is not exempted from this universal want. If the gratification is obtained by prevarication and sly connivance on the mother's part, in opposition to the well understood wishes of the father, the enjoyment is by no means diminished, but possibly may have been increased by the cleverness with which "mother helped them to outwit the old fellow."

A deep interest in and for his family in the embitterment of his feelings, may have been sternly expressed by father, and with repellant manner. This may have touched the dignity of those *men and women* of his family, (such households have no boys and girls,) as have reached that mature period of life, extending through the "teens." Ill-concealed contempt for

his opinions, and disregard of his expressed wishes, exacerbates his nature, and he loses his self-respect. Disappointed in all the fond dreams of early life, he, imperceptibly to himself, descends the inclined plane of discouragement; resorts to the inebriating cup, that he may, for awhile at least, drown the maddening consciousness of his domestic nonentity. Having received the impetus of the first step down, with accelerated speed he reaches the foot, where yawns for him the "Drunkard's Grave." Thus ends, in the prime of life and usefulness, a life — the gift of God — with all the appliances and surroundings necessary for enjoyment. And why is it so? The wife and mother set herself determinedly against her duties; indulged her self-will, and the day of retribution will make her quake and fear.

As these children advance in life, and are brought into contact with a higher tone of mind and principle, they will feel in themselves the wretched consequences of their mother's mistaken course, and with the loss of all respect for her, deeply regret that they were not trained to respect authority, and thus qualified to meet the collisions of social and commercial life. Not unfrequently do bitter curses pierce her heart while living, and fasten upon her post mortem memories. They were never taught to "tread lightly on the ashes of the dead;" nor were they trained to mental discipline, or self-denial; and they now charge their own delinquencies upon that conniving indulgence, which once afforded them what they now consider guilty enjoyment.

What dignity surpasses that of a woman whose "children rise up and call her blessed," — whose husband praiseth her? She has, through many years of varied experiences, sustained and encouraged him, whom, at the sacred altar, in the presence of God, angels, and men, she promised "to love, honor, and obey;" has been the cheering light of his home, making its aspects bright and comfortable,

so far as means were given her. By her own industry she contributed to the household supplies; by her economy and love of home, she prevents extravagance and wastefulness; and in many ways, both in prosperity and adversity, has been to her husband a "help-mate" indeed — the light of his heart and home.

Her children have been religiously instructed in their responsibilities to the Most High; of course this involves filial duties; and both parents rejoice in a perpetuation of themselves, by a generation who shall fulfill an honorable mission on earth, and rejoin them in a state where "Order is Heaven's first law," — where love, union, and harmony forever reign. Yes, *reign*; no discordant tones will ever interrupt the swelling anthems of praise and thanksgiving for a life, the ulterior object of which is immortality in existence and bliss; and for birth, education, and influence among those who guided their earliest thoughts, and trained their later aspirations, and regulated all their nature's developments with wise reverence to such a terminus.

At this moment my mind is contemplating two portraits, hung conspicuously in memory's reception hall. One I will distinguish as J. He was one of a respectable family, was well educated, had talents, genius, friends, by whose aid he was at an early age, advanced to a station of respectability. Nature had been more than commonly lavish to him of her best gifts, and his early start promised fairly for his future course. As is frequently the case, he married with little consideration for any thing but personal attractions. The young lady had been accustomed to unquestioned indulgence in all things, and had no opportunity for development of character. In this essential requisite she was a nonentity; nor did she bring to his empty coffers the means to sustain this unlimited indulgence.

He was unsuccessful; they sought to retrieve their broken fortunes in a

distant, new country. Then came the trial. Additions to the family circle were frequent, of those who needed not only the fostering, maternal care, but the training and guiding paternal hand also. On all occasions, the incapable mother conflicted with the well-digested discipline of the father, who understood the subject well, both from his own recollections of early home life, and much reflective thought bestowed upon it. Disappointed in the fancied sweetness of his wife's character, he became discouraged, and resorted to the exhilarating bowl and jovial companionship, for the temporary excitement which they afford, and forgetfulness of home disgusts.

This was not a familiar case. Like all others of the same class, the evil increased, and scenes were enacted in the children's presence that were sufficient to make "angels weep," were that possible. In his wildest moments he never forgot that he was a gentleman; his demeanor and language, although under such a terrible influence, bespoke the debasement from a higher condition. His uncultivated wife seemed to forget every thing, even her womanhood, in the indulgence of her furious temper, and the use of the lowest vulgar billingsgate, for which there was not even the poor excuse of inebriation.

A family of ten children surrounded their table, most of whom were promising on account of fine talents, and a more than commonly respectable improvement of educational advantages, which their father spared no pains to give them, but which their inane mother hated, because it elevated them to a sphere of which she knew not the benefits. Instead of rejoicing in the respectability of the older children, a mean envy possessed her spirits, and she spared no efforts to disgust and prejudice the younger ones, and to prevent any healthful influence upon their manners or morals, by ridiculing their views and pursuits, and instilling into their minds mistaken and false notions of the efforts of their older

brothers and sisters, thus engendering distrust and suspicion, which lead to duplicity, and finally to contempt and hatred. It has been said upon poetic authority, that "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." The mother felt that she was degraded in her children's estimation; indeed they did not always conceal their contempt for her meanness of spirit, and low vulgar vituperation.

The father descended to a drunkard's grave in life's meridian prime. Notwithstanding the great and many delinquencies of his life, he commanded the love and respect of his children while living, and his memory is cherished with affectionate tenderness and indulgent forgetfulness of all his derelictions in duty. They say, "I respected and loved my father dearly. Had my mother done as she ought, he would never have forgotten himself as he often did. It is impossible to live peaceably with her." This is verbatim.

What a sad reminder must this be to the mother, whose sensibilities are raised above those of the brute! And yet these fatal results *must* ensue, when the mother forgets her womanly characteristics—the dignity of the household regulator and controller. This unhappy woman had no vice; was kind, honest, and truthful at times, but her furious temper and undisciplined will lost her all the domestic consequence and comfort to which her position and relationship entitled her.

The younger children had no remembrance of their father; had grown up amid the confusions constantly arising; on the one hand the older members of the family exerted themselves for the improvement of the younger, while on the other the mother continually interfered to counteract their efforts and destroy their influence. The results were sad; the children were low-bred, insolent, and boisterous, treating their mother in a way to illustrate the precept, "He that spareth to correct his child,"

may expect that he will bring "his parents to shame."

Look on that picture and then on this. Although many sorrowful scenes are connected with these reminiscences, that which I am about to relate presents a brighter phase in maternal character.

By the initial M. . . ., I will distinguish a man who passed on to middle age with unblemished character, who was a respectable, well-to-do farmer. He had married a worthy woman in his own sphere, and had a family of six children, before he evinced a tendency to intemperance. Military "trainings," as they were called, were occasions of general interest at the time of which I write. Like agricultural Fairs now, they furnished opportunities for social interviews, as well as for business transactions. Every man who equipped himself with the prescribed uniform—which was very showy and somewhat expensive—was exempted from a poll tax; and military promotions were considered honorary distinctions.

Capt. M. . . . left home one day to exercise his company at a "general training." At night he returned intoxicated. As it was the first time time such a thing had happened, hopeful affection whispered that it was accidental, and would not be repeated. But, alas! it was the first step in a downward career, which entailed wretchedness and misery upon an estimable household for many a long year.

The family circle had increased to fourteen, who all reached maturity with the daily recurring scene of a drunken father brought to them insensible every night. When recovering from that brutal state, he was fiendishly ferocious; his horrible curses might be heard at the village where he was supplied with his destruction.

Who is to account for the accumulating misery of these long, long years of patient suffering? The man who acquires and indulges a debasing appetite, until he is degraded below the brutes, is scouted by society and hissed

at, and shouted after by the very boys in the streets—is an outlaw. Who will take him by the hand, and with gentle warning and admonition, urge him to retrace his steps to sobriety and respectability? Rarely is such a friend found out of his own household; his family are too much intimidated and crushed by his brutality, to dare refer to the subject, although there probably may be times, when home sympathy and confidence would do much to arrest the prodigal wanderer. But in their own sorrowful experience, “hope bleeds and peace expires.” While the consumer is an outcast, *who* frowns upon the producer and the retailer of the burning curse? By thus pandering to the brutal appetite of him who was once (is he not still) their superior, the distiller and the grog-seller acquire money, which elevates them and theirs on the social scale, while their miserable victim descends to a dishonored grave, and his suffering family inherit a patrimony of ignominy and degradation. “Oh, shame, where is thy blush?” Where is the justice of society? In this social outrage, the goddess of right should be represented with a double bandage.

At length, Capt. M. . . . was legally consigned to a conservator, that the entire loss of his property might be prevented. The wife was a pattern of patient meekness, of quiet submission, and taught her children the difficult lesson of gentle forbearance with their father’s frailties, which they faithfully practiced as long as he lived. In all his beastly exhibitions, none of the family were ever known to forget themselves or their filial duties. They kindly amused and cared for their wretched father, till death relieved them, after many years of sorrow and toil.

The mother superintended the farm, till her two sons, who were her youngest children, were old enough to relieve her. She trained her family to habits of industry and economy, and they were all respectably established at the head of their own households,

and for aught I know, are living testimonials to the truth, that “The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honor is humility.”

The long years of Eternity alone can disclose the results of this humble woman’s influence and example. To me it appeals most powerfully—presents a moral grandeur—a noble self-abnegation far more elevating than that of the Spartan mothers, who signaled their sons for battle, and sending them forth with the injunction to return, either bringing their shields, or brought upon them. Theirs was an impulse of patriotism—an off-shoot of the age, and the circumstances which formed its characteristics. Hers was the heroism of a patient, enduring spirit, confronting her daily trial with an unblenching face and unfaltering step, apparently taking for her motto “the path of duty; though rugged, is the only path of safety.”

Such examples dignify and exalt humanity; if lesser minds do not come up to the achievement, they love to contemplate the glory emanating from it, and feel that a gleam is reflected upon themselves, as belonging to the same species of being. This would be a dreary, working-day world, were it not for the brightness, shimmering down through lives of sorrow, showing us what man, and woman too may achieve, by keeping steadily before the mind’s eye the copy of their great Exemplar, who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; returned blessings for cursings, and left as a testamentary legacy to the world the glorious precept, “Whatsoever ye would that others would do to you, do ye even so to them.”

The noble woman whose trials I have mentioned is by no means an isolated case; would that it were so. While the worm that lies at the root of domestic peace, is rampant in the land, instances will not be wanting of wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, whose examples shed a bright halo upon the horizon of their influence,

of whom it may be said, as a great poet said of his wife:

"She was a woman nobly planned,
To warn, to counsel, and command;
And yet, a spirit pure and bright,
With something of an angel light."
L'AMIE.

FEVER POISONS.

[On the subject of scarlet fever, which has been lately making extraordinary havoc among old and young, the following useful observations occur in a small tract intended for popular dissemination by Mr. R. Pairman, surgeon, Biggar.]

AFTER referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light, and cleanliness, in order to disinfect clothes and apartments from the invisible air-poison exhaled from the sick, the author proceeds:

"It is important to know regarding infection, that when not destroyed or dispersed in the sick-room, it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, drawers, etc., nestling in their innumerable pores; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to a strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, it may again become evolved, more virulently than at first, after the lapse of weeks. But it chiefly adheres to cotton and woolen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water. And in airing these materials, a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away. A genteel family lately related to me that a few years ago they had occasion to reside some time in Edinburgh; while there, one of her domestics became affected with fever of peculiar type. After her recovery, the bed-clothes, as was thought, were sufficiently aired, packed up, and conveyed home along with the family. Through some inadvertance, they remained for four months thus folded up; after which, being required for use, they were opened out and washed. Within a week the persons who washed them became attacked with the same type of fever, though none

was prevailing in the district at the time; so that infection thus imprisoned in a blanket, or anywhere else, and not exposed to any current of air, seems not only quite indestructible, but, while thus confined, probably grows in virulence every day.

"Thus the infection of plague—which is just a form of typhus fever—has been packed up in a bale of cotton, and after being conveyed many hundred miles, struck with instant death the person who unloosed it. The following curious and dreadful incident, related by Dr. Parr of Exeter, showing how plague was once disseminated in an English town, we extract from Macaulay's Dictionary of Medicine: 'The last plague which infested the town in which we now write,' says Dr. Parr, 'arose from a traveler remarking to his companion, that in a former journey he had the plague in the room where they sat. 'In that corner,' said he, 'was a cupboard where the bandages were kept; it is now plastered, but they are probably there still.' He took the poker, broke down the plastering, and found them. *The disease was soon disseminated and extensively fatal.*'

"The next point requiring notice is, that one man may convey infection to another, while he himself escapes the disease. Some years ago, I received a message from a much esteemed and worthy minister, requesting a visit to two of his children. On arriving, I found them ill with scarlatina; and as they had both become suddenly affected *at the very same hour* the previous evening, it was evident that both had simultaneously imbibed the poisonous dose. But the question arose: Where could they possibly get infection? for they had ever been carefully tended by their nurse, come in contact with nobody but members of the family, and no fever of any description was prevailing for several miles around. At length the father remembered that about a week before he had visited a little girl under scarlatina in an adjoining parish; had, in the act of

engaging in religious conversation, sat by her side, taken her by the hand, rubbed his clothes on the bed-clothes of the patient — in a word, had quite unconsciously done every thing likely to saturate his own clothes with infection; after which, the night being cold, he wrapped his great coat firmly around him — thus inadvertently preventing its dispersion — mounted his horse, and trotted home at a rapid rate. On reaching home he threw off his great coat, drew in his chair to a comfortable fire, and, as any fond parent would be apt to do, forthwith got both of the children perched upon his knee, little dreaming of the poisonous present a father's love was unconsciously bestowing. That this was the mode of communicating the disease was evident by a process of exact calculation; for the infection of scarlatina lurks in the blood about five days before the fever shows itself; and on calculating five days back from the onset of the fever, we were brought to the time when the incident occurred.

"If two pieces of cloth of the same material, the one *black* and the other *white*, were, in equal circumstances, and for the same length of time exposed to infection, the black cloth would be far sooner saturated with it than the other. We have something analogous to the well known law about the absorption of heat. As dark objects absorb heat more powerfully than white ones, so do they also more readily absorb infection and all kinds of smells. Hence the mere fumigation of closes and wynds in epidemic seasons is not enough; they are afterward very properly whitewashed. Hence also the wholesomeness of light as well as air in the dwellings of the poor, and of all those measures of cleanliness and comforts which the whiting-brush is able to impart. The haunts of infection realize those conditions with which childish fancy clothes the haunts of specters. Dark and cheerless are its favorite dens, the "blazing ingle and the clean hearth-stone," it seems

to shun; but lurks and lingers in the gloomy hovel, fattens on its dirt, and in the crevices of its smoked and dingy walls finds its most congenial nestling-places."

THE WANDERER'S GRAVE.

In a tangled tropic forest,
Sleeps he by an unknown river,
Where afar from scenes of childhood,
Fled his spirit to its Giver;
And a rough-hewn cross is standing
O'er the grave where he is sleeping,
And the southern vines and mosses,
Round its arms are softly creeping.

When the summer heats are wooing
All earth's beauty into being,
Blooms a tree with scarlet blossoms,
All its incense sweetly freeing;
And the burdened air is fragrant,
While the drooping vines are weeping,
O'er the grave by that dark river,
Where the white browed youth is sleeping.

Through the thick untrodden forest,
Comes the crash of falling palm-trees,
And the music of the woodland,
Wakes and mingles with the night-breeze;
Save these voices, all is silent,
Round the grave by that still river,
Where the clay that shrined his spirit,
Slumbers now and shall forever.

Sought he in that haunted forest,
For a bright Pactolian river,
Blossom-bordered, golden-sanded?
Found he only Death's dark quiver?
Here he lies; — no word is spoken;
In his early promise taken;
Shall the grave-seals e'er be broken,
And the slumberer awaken?

FLOWERS.

EACH leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missives from angelic throngs,
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine heights,
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild with heat and sand,
Share too the blessedness;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks
Inviting it to prayer.

THE WANDERING CHILD.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

A GOLDEN-haired child was playing in a fair garden. The old elms, under which her father and grandfather had sported, stretched their broad arms far out, until they canopied the green lawn; and beyond them lay the beds of flowers; out in the sunlight where the warm rays could pierce its heart, flourished the princely rose, and at its foot, the purple velvet leaves of violets clustered like waiting pages at the foot of a royal throne. There were leaping fountains, and singing birds, and the white spray fell murmuringly into the marble basin, where sported the yellow goldfish, and the wild birds of the forest were won by the prisoned songsters, to come and build beneath the green, shadowy branches of the grand old trees. Upon the soft emerald sward slept the shy fawn, while above and around, all the voices of the air whispered of peace and safety.

But the child was weary. She had peered through the thick-set hedge, and over the high surrounding walls, and had seen towering hills, and waving forests; had heard the ripple of distant rivulets, the chant of far-off ocean waves, the plashing of cascades, as the pure foam wreaths leaped over the rocky barriers, gleaming like the tossed manes of white chargers. She was restless, and yearned to seek the pleasant, well-trodden, broad path, she saw leading through the flowery plain. And when watchful eyes were withdrawn, and soft voices were hushed in sleep, and clasping arms were loosed — when the bright chain which held her fast to the old shrine was severed, away she bounded, with no one to check her yearnings after novelty.

The path at its beginning, looked almost as lovely as the garden walks she had left, save that the glaring light of the sun fell too hotly upon it. Here were the same flowers, mingled with others similar to them, and as she went on, she beheld on the dis-

tant borders of the meadows, the antlers of the yellow deer, and saw, half-hidden by the flags and rushes, the wings and crests of wild-fowl. The path grew more shadowy as she entered a forest, but the psalm-like melody of woodland-notes, fell soothingly upon her ear, and shrubs of rare beauty, and fragrant flowers, and siren voices lured her forward.

Onward! onward! She reached the musical rivulet, and stepping upon the scattered rocks which lay in its bed, walked upon the farther shore; and, catching a glimpse of the sun-tinted waterfall, she pressed toward it. There, throwing herself upon the mossy couch which spread itself beneath the sturdy branches of an oak, she listened to its rushing, and was borne by it into the "mighty realm" of Dream-land.

A voice aroused her. It was far within the dim aisles of the wood-land through which her path still led. She went toward it, but could not reach it. No human form was there. But the warm sun still glanced through the tremulous leaves of the oak and the pine, and the fingers of the wind touched most skillfully the vibrating forest chords, and the breeze was laden with glad strains of music.

On went the sunny-haired wanderer. But her snowy garments were earth-soiled, and stained by the damp moss whereon she had slept. She ascended a sloping hill, and from its summit looked afar off in search of the old home, the familiar towers. Nothing greeted her tired eyes, save that the fleecy clouds which hung over the place, were glowing radiantly with an amber light; and she could just discern the cross which surmounted the loftiest tower. But on the other side of the hill she saw a gay group of dancers in the valley. There were wreaths of roses, and banners gleaming with silver and gold, and harps, and cymbals, and merry voices. And the burden of the song, as it floated up the beautiful hill to the ear of the charmed child, was ever, "Come with

us." And she ran swiftly down into the valley. And they robed her in gay, flaunting raiment, and her hair was woven with gorgeous flowers, and a glittering wand was given into her hand, and they kissed her white brow, and gave her a kindly welcome. But the old robes which were soiled in her travels, and the stainless lilies they had taken from among her soft curls, and the staff of strength they had cast away, and replaced with the starry wand, and the trimmed lamp they had extinguished—all these she looked upon with sorrow, as they were carried away by the attiring maidens. And then the songs went on, and the serpent wine of forgetfulness lulled her brain, and strange joys filled her soul. Ah! she was far away from the watched couch, the guarded bowers of the home she had so rashly forsaken.

Night came on. The dim twilight threw its shadowy folds over hill, and tree, and stream. And the child was so changed! Among the careless tresses of gold, lay silver threads, and the smooth brow had grown rough, and the lighted eye dark. And I saw that there were fetters upon her wrists, and iron bands about her feet, and, worse than all, heavy burdens upon her soul. And in her dreams she was again in the old, quiet garden from whence she had wandered; again she caressed the timid fawn, or bounded beneath the ancient elms. And the white eyelids lifted from off the dreamer's eyes, and she arose and looked about her.

"Where—where am I?" she murmured. "Oh! that I were home again!" And with the wish, came the resolve to retrace the path which had brought her hither. She sought to unclasp the fetters, but in vain. She could not stir with the painful weight upon her limbs. After struggling with the mysterious fastenings, she fell hopelessly upon the earth. And then it was that I saw a strong hand reaching through the darkness, and it held a key. With this mystic key it touched the spring, and the fet-

ters flew open, the chains fell clanking upon the ground.

And the child arose, and sought, in the by-place where they had been thrown, for her lamp and staff of strength, her crown of lilies and robes of white. But the lilies were trampled in the mire, and the silver lamp was tarnished, and she had forgotten how to use her staff. But she cast off her gaudy garments, and hastened to put on her old ones, soiled though they were; for she said, "If I can but reach the crystal fountain upon the hill at home, I can wash the stains therefrom." And she lighted her lamp, though it burned dimly, and gathered up the lilies, which yet gave forth fragrance, and placed them in her bosom. And taking her staff, she toiled up the hill. But the hill had become a mountain; and when Day opened his palace doors in the east, and looked forth, the child sat upon a huge rock to rest.

And the band of maidens came out to dance, and they saw that she had left them, and they called after her with words of love which she heeded not, and then they scoffed and derided her, but she looked upward toward the mountain summit. And afterward I saw that she stood upon the top of the mountain, and strained her blinded eyes to see the high towers of her father's house, but could see nothing. "Alas!" murmured she, "I remember when I was here before, I could see the cross which rises from the highest turret; but now I can see nothing to cheer me." But her back was toward the dancing-maidens, and she would not listen to their music.

Down the mountain into the deep valley wended the returning child. Her unsandaled feet were torn, and her foot-path might be traced by the blood-stains they left in the way. When she reached the wood, a black cloud hung over it, and fiery streaks of lightning flashed among the branches, and she could hear the falling of blasted trees, as the hot bolts shivered their hearts. And ever between the

wrathful voices of the storm-spirits, came the terrific roar of wild beasts, the deep howl of the lion, and the loud cry of the tiger. But the child tremblingly leaned upon her staff, and guarded with care the faint light of her lamp, and at last she heard the sound of madly dashing waters. "Perchance I can rest upon the moss couch, by the cascade," said she. But the dark cloud was pouring its watery burden into the stream, and the bed of moss was covered with water, and the stones whereon she had crossed the stream were not to be seen. The banks were overflowed, and there was no way to cross the swollen rivulet.

Now I saw the same hand which had unlocked the fetters, and it held a scarlet mantle over the waves, and with it smote the waters, so that a path was made through them, and the child saw it but was afraid. And then the hand grasped hers, and threw the mantle over her face, and led her to the other side. And then it put a name and sign upon her brow, and was withdrawn into the air. And the child seemed less weary now, for she was almost home. True, the path was overgrown with briars, and thorns, and serpents lay coiled among them, and high rocks ever and anon barred the way, but she hastened on.

And the perfume from the beautiful garden greeted her, and she heard the old voices again, and soon was resting in the very shadow of the cross which was thrown from the high tower. And as the sun sank behind the trees of the forest, I saw that the returned wanderer slept sweetly beneath the watching eye of the loving Father, and that Peace was once more folding her pinions within that restless soul.

FAMILIAR conversation ought to be the school of learning and good breeding. A man ought to make his masters of his friends, seasoning the pleasure of converse with the profit of instruction.

THE TWO HOMES.

"Honor thy father, and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise."

THE first home was a pleasant mansion upon the banks of a Maryland river, shaded by fine trees, and graced by bird and flower. Over the tree tops, and surrounded by nature's sad melody — the plaint of whippowil and the moaning of the river — might be seen a little hillock dotted over with head-stones. Some of these were old and moss-grown, while others gleamed white and clear beneath the rays of the sad moon. Three graves lay side by side, whose tenants had been borne in three successive autumns from that cheerful looking home on the bank. Each was a merry maiden, a child still, and yet on the threshold of womanhood. Early blighted, ere they had time for fear, the worm at the heart caused them to fade, wither, and fall. Desolate indeed was now the home, so lately full of mirth and joy; but the aching hearts of father and mother turned away from the dead three to the one beautiful, living child. Their dwelling was still "home," for she was there. The gloom of death did not hang long over her buoyant spirit, and the returning spring found her as merry as the last, when her laughter and her song had mingled with another sweet voice now hushed forever. Oh, what love hung round that child — love painful in its intensity to behold, and almost cruel to its object. She was looked to as the young tree around which they should cling for support when the grasshopper should become a burden; as the flower to grace their faded age; as the bird to fill their home with unwearied notes of love. She was growing up idolized, petted, spoiled.

This child of love soon grew weary of her home. Her father's attentions were things of course, and became monotonous; her mother's devotions failed to satisfy her longings. She wanted to see more of the world and its hollow show; and, to gratify this

desire, she was sent away to school! Soon, wearying of her books, and missing the tenderness she left behind, she returned, but not alone. A stern looking man from another land, whom nobody knew, save as a teacher of penmanship, accompanied her. Terror seized the hearts of her parents as the harsh tones of his voice struck upon their ears, and the cold, calculating glance of his eye met theirs. He brought with him that day, like a spirit of evil, darkness upon his wings, which no sunshine of earth was ever able to dispel from parlor, chamber, or hall — from garden, lawn, or stream.

Again and again he came, making the darkness more visible, until the old people, having in vain striven to open the eyes of their child to his very evident character, forbade his visits to their hitherto happy home. The dark man frowned, but no word of anger escaped his lips. He did not rise up as at an insult and leave the house, but remained to inflict them by his fearful sullenness another night. Early in the morning, while all others slept, he stole softly from that now blighted home, bearing with him all that made life dear to the aged pair. He had filled the ear of their silly child with vows of love unchanging, and with tales of his untold wealth over the sea. Believing the words of a stranger, she turned away from love stronger than death, and followed him. One moment, no doubt, she stood in the gray light to look at the scenes of her infancy and childhood — to glance at the window of the chamber where her parents slept unconscious of the evil — to listen to the stream which had always sung her lullaby — and then she went away forever from that her *first home*.

The waters of that Maryland river still flow on murmuring to the sea. The dwelling of that idol child still stands there, but strange hands train the flowers and trees, while groups of laughing children who never heard

her name, sport beneath their shadows. Two other head-stones gleam out in the moonlight beside the three graves of the young sisters. Between the older graves and those of the parents, is a space left for yet another; but it will never be made. Far, far away in the land of cold winds and warm hearts lies another grave. No white head-stone tells the name and laments the loss of the dweller there. All around this hillock are tombstones and costly monuments, shaded by trees and garnished with flowers; but no hand ever planted one flower there, or carved a letter, to preserve her memory. It is a grave in the "poor's corner," and she who inhabits the narrow house below is the one who broke the "first commandment with promise." In the home of her girlhood no pillow was thought soft enough for her dear head; now the hard pillow of the pauper's coffin supports it, and is the only one which has yielded her any rest since she fled ungratefully from her childhood's home.

* * * * *

One bright morning, just as the early risers in a New England farm-house were beginning their day's toil, a frail lady, in genteel but sadly disordered attire, rushed in, dragging a little boy by the hand. She was very much excited. With an earnestness which forbade denial, she asked, "Will you hide me from my husband? — he is a harsh and cruel man, and I have attempted to flee from him with my child. A poor woman beyond gave me shelter last night, but at day-break a man passing called to them, saying that a person was coming on in pursuit of his wife and child, whom he had lost. I caught up my child and flew to escape his fury. But, oh!" she added, laying her hand on her fluttering heart, "I can go no further — my strength is gone. Let me lie down here and die. Do not let him take me away. Oh, do not!" She had been guided by some pitying angel to this house. Its mistress was one who never said to the sufferer,

"Be ye warmed and be ye clothed," and then turned away to enjoy selfishly the comforts which God had so bountifully spread around her. Then, as now, though age and infirmity are upon her, she seemed ever saying to the world, "Wot ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

This wanderer was the darling of that home by the river; and scarce had her aching head touched the hospitable pillow, and the doors been closed upon her and her child, ere the furious man came up, inquiring if any one had seen a "slender woman and a little boy go by?" Judging from the evasive replies he received that she had there found pity, he demanded his wife, and railed on her protectors, showing conclusively what a home that must have been of which he was head. He endeavored to alarm the good woman of the house, finding that the men had gone to their labor; but she commanded him to be quiet, saying, "You need n't think you can frighten *me*. I have seen too much of this world to be easily disturbed. I never yet saw a man that I was afraid of!"

Finding no rest from his tongue, and convinced that in his furious state it would never do to let him see his wife, she despatched a boy for an officer, who secured him from further disturbing the peace; and the poor affrighted wife wept for joy that she might now "die in peace."

She told here the tale of her early course of ingratitude and cruelty, and looked upon the almost vagrant life she had led as a punishment for slighting God's mercies. Her dream of love and wealth had been a short one. She soon awoke to see that she had been betrayed and deceived by the man who had sworn to protect and cherish her. Shame prevented her going back, and like a prodigal confessing her sin, and seeking rest in her father's house, where there was bread enough and to spare. She soon found that her husband, although fully qualified to teach in seminaries

of learning, could not, on account of his tyrannical disposition and violent temper, retain a situation even six months. He soon took to an itinerant course, teaching writing, stenography, and the like branches. She had never had a home since she left the one by the river. Four years had she wandered from state to state, and from town to town. Her mother's heart was broken, and she had brought the gray hairs of her father in sorrow to the grave. You see what she had gained by scorning the advice of age and wisdom. "I have not even a home to die in. Oh!" she added, "how little do children value a home — how little realize the worth of a mother's and a father's love."

She seemed truly penitent, and assured her benefactor that she trusted in Christ alone for peace and pardon. A few days in a common prison cooled the passion of the tyrant, and he was permitted to visit and remain by his dying wife. He gave promises of awful solemnity, to be tender to her friendless boy, and seemed to mourn his cruelty to her. But it was too late to atone for it now. A few days more and the crushed spirit was beyond his power. She had found in the "poor's corner" of our lovely cemetery her *last home*.

Twenty years have rolled away since then; but as long as her benefactor lives will her grave be pointed out as a warning to those who despise parental authority, and consider such love a light thing. Oh! what a blighted life was her's who broke "the first commandment with promise."

THERE are individuals who have acquired a literary reputation without writing a line; there are others who have a name for bravery, and never fought. The former write, and the latter fight, by proxy.

CONFORMING TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"I WISH," said Fanny Grey one day to her mother when she was home spending her school vacation, "I wish that father was different — he's so particular about getting in debt, and he thinks the old things we've had so many years will answer till they're worn out; for one, I believe in keeping pace with the times a little more. We live differently from Maggie Tompkin's people, I can assure you; you should see their house, mother; its walls and windows would hardly compare with ours," said she, looking up as if to scan the attitude of their low sitting-room. "I wish *our* house could be repaired," she continued; "the furniture added to, and other improvements *might* be mentioned; but more than either, I want a piano *very much*."

Mrs. Grey smiled at Fanny's enthusiasm. "And what do you think people ought to do when they are so unfavorably situated?" she asked.

"Oh, I suppose they ought to submit with as good a grace as possible to the misfortune."

"That's the true theory, Fanny; now let's see you sustain it by practice, and I shall be sure of happy results."

"I drew the conclusion for others," said Fanny, determined to evade its application to herself.

"Consult your father's wishes, and he will yours; endeavor to please him in all those little matters where he has a preference, and you may be sure of more pleasure, and the gratification of a part of your wishes, perhaps."

"But I want a piano," said Fanny, quite incredulous as to her mother's plan.

"I am sure that would be a pleasant way to get one — certainly pleasant, whether you succeeded or not."

Fanny followed her mother's suggestion, making improvements here a little, and there a little. The change

in her manner and disposition soon wrote out a beautiful prophecy for the future which was in due time fulfilled. It opened another door in Mr. Grey's heart to see Fanny so interested in her home — so intent on making the best of what could not be hindered, and he was often led to submit his earlier views to her earnest wishes. Finally, it became among his choicest home-pleasures after the labors of the day were over, to listen to the soft, clear tones of his daughter, as they blent with the rich music of her piano.

A SLENDER child of thirteen years, toiled from morning till night for a scanty pittance. Though often censured, her calm brow was seldom ruffled, and the degree of patience she had attained would have done credit to those longer disciplined in the school of life. Quick to discern, she had caught the true spirit of success from her toiling grandmother, whose humble roof was all the home she could claim.

"Always count the blessings first, Bessie, and then you will be less likely to murmur; God is better to us all than we deserve, only we see through a glass darkly; that's all the trouble, darling."

"I like to get angry once to-day, grandma; it's so hard to be found fault with all the time when you try to do the best you can."

"Yes, Bessie, but Mrs. Ball has a great many cares and perplexities that you don't know any thing about; you must try and be patient, hoping for a better home some time."

"Here, grandma, are my earnings for this week," and with new strength the brave little girl choked back her tears, and kissing her little brother and grandparent good-night, departed for Mrs. Ball's.

Week after week wore on, each one repeating the lessons of its predecessor, and then, a bright reality gilded the horizon of Bessie's hopes. Her

forbearance had met its reward. A gentleman of fortune, on a visit at Mr. Ball's, became interested in her, and his sympathies formed themselves into a proposal, which met the grandmother's heartiest thanks, and placed in Bessie's hand the talisman of a brighter future.

On a grand, silent, yet decaying day, a youthful girl sat amid the falling leaves of autumn. Every thing about her bore the impress of peace and quietude, and she forgot that life was a changing scene — that earth was the home of labor, and care, and strife. So, looking out upon the future through a false medium, she promised the manly form at her side that she would share his western home, would kindle anew the fires of domestic love which death had paled, and more than all, be a mother to his babes.

Angry, wintry days succeeded the mellow light of autumn, and the real followed hastily in the footsteps of the ideal. Freedom, the blest companion of girlhood, in spite of all negotiation, had refused to dwell beyond the matrimonial line, and on a weary day, when love, the watchguard, sat slumbering at its post, the spirit of discontent came up and took the citadel.

"We love mamma better than aunt Abby, do n't we, Freddy? aunt Abby would n't let you have any kite, would she?" lisped the baby-sister with earnestness, as she lifted the curling locks of her brother, who sat on the carpet ornamenting his paper kite.

"I shall be useful, and therefore happy," was the young wife's second thought, and she roused herself to the fulfillment of her mission.

In the after years it was said, "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

A CRIPPLED boy sat under a vine-clad arbor in his father's garden. His heart fluttered like a prisoned bird, at

the sound of school-boy sports in the distance, but slow-footed weeks must go by ere he could rejoin them.

"Auld Robin," the gardner, passed that way, and noticing the boy's downcast look, said with his accustomed smile and rich brogue, "Cam', Willie, take mickle heart; there's many a lad and lassie that's sair worse than ye."

"I know it," said Willie to himself after a little thought; "I will be happier myself, and, if possible, catch some rays of sunshine to gladden others; and then, this little trial shall teach me a useful lesson."

An hour passed between dreaming and reading under the drooping grape vines, when reaching for his crutch, he arose to walk about. Sitting on the grass outside the paling, he noticed two little girls looking sad and weary, yet gazing intently at the parterres of early flowers then in blossom.

"Oh, how beautiful!" said each to the other.

"I wish we could get some to put on the stand by mother's bed," said Susy, hesitatingly; "but I suppose it's wicked to covet as well as steal," she added, with a look of despair.

"We would n't want any without we could pay for them, and we've no money, you know," said Clara, the eldest.

"Hark! how sweetly somebody is singing; they have flowers and music too, hav n't they?" said Susy with brightening features.

"Mother used to have both," returned Clara sadly; "there! I hear canary birds too."

"Those were God's birds," said Susy; "only see that handsome oriole in the willow-tree, yonder; do n't you believe those are oriole-flowers?" she added, pointing to some tulips of the richest crimson, and black as they gently waved in the soft and balmy air.

The conversation reached Willie's ear, and approaching the fence, he asked respectfully:

"Are you fond of flowers? Wait

a few minutes, and I'll gather you some with pleasure." So he culled a rare group, which had opened their petals of many colors to the warm June sun.

The flowers performed their work and faded; virtue had been fortified, hope strengthened and memory claimed another treasure for her own.

The giver's blessing descended upon the boy, but its pleasure was only the prelude of an immortal song that was chanted by the future years — for that simple gift to those little tempted hearts had proved "a savor of life unto life."

MOVE ON.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

ALL the stars in heaven are moving,
Ever round the bright spheres roving;
Twinkling, beaming, raying, shining,
Blackest night with darkness lining;
Aye, revolving through the years,
Playing music of the spheres,
Like the Eastern Star of old
Moving toward the shepherd's fold,
Where the wise men — grace to them! —
Found the Babe of Bethlehem.
God is in each moving star;
God drives on the pleiad car:
Let His will on earth be done,
As in Heaven the stars move on. . . .
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

All the waves of sea are flowing,
As the winds of heaven are blowing;
With a gentle beam-like quiver
Flows the streamlet to the river;
With a stronger waved commotion
Flows the river to the ocean;
While seas' billows evermore
Flow and gain upon the shore —
Wave on wave in bright spray leaping,
Like endeavors never sleeping;
While the pool which moveth never,
Grows a stagnant bog forever;
White-gilled die its tenant tench,
Green its water, foul its stench,
Wildering marsh fires o'er it run,
While straight flows the river on. . . .
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

Thus within the skies and ocean
Life is married unto motion;
Stars revolve, and rivers flow,
And earth! what said Galileo?

When in dungeon damply lying,
Faint and tortured, hardly dying,
Yet for truth, with honest pride,
Yet, "It moves! It moves!" he cried.
And the world? — its life is motion,
As with stars, and as with ocean.
It is moving, it is growing,
All its tides are onward flowing;
The hand is moving to the loaf,
The eye is moving to the roof,
The mind is moving to the book,
The soul lives in a moving look,
The hand is moving from the sword,
The heart is moving toward the Lord. . . .
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

THE BRIGHTNESS IN THE WEST.

BY H. S. PARMELEE.

HARK! the voices of the children,
Playing in the meadow grass,
See the long reeds bend before them,
Springing backward as they pass;
They will not see the shadows,
That are dark'ning round their way,
To the eyes of happy childhood
It is always dawn or day!

The twilight dew is falling,
But they never feel it come,
Till they hear the summons, calling
From many a cottage home,
"Where is evening? Where is twilight?
Oh, it is not time for rest!"
And then eager fingers pointing
To the brightness in the west!

Ah, yes! ye little children!
There is sunlight there we know,
Though our eyes too often linger
On the darker world below;
And, so live, ye little children,
That when comes God's call to rest,
Ye may point, as glad as ever,
To the brightness in the west!

August, 1857.

THE WELCOME BACK.

SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and
wrath,
And care been sorely pressing,
'T is sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh! joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

KATE AND I.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

IT was the last crust, and a wretched morsel at that, and yet the rarest viands never looked more tempting to my eye. I dreamed of it all night, and as ever and anon I woke amidst the splashing of the water around, and the creaking cordage above me, I watched for the glimmer of the dawn and the approach of the moment when I might offer it to satisfy — or I might better have said, to aggravate the pangs of hunger which were devouring me; I took it from its corner of the knapsack, which, at the close of the preparations for my journey, I had thought so well filled, and looked at it wistfully before I ate it.

I was one of the group of German emigrants, kept back from our destination by a long and disastrous voyage, and though the sickly, miserable throng who crowded the wretched quarters were all from my own land, there was not one of them to whom I could look for assistance or sympathy; they were all strangers to me, and each seemed busy with his own trials. I had been reared in retirement; an only child, and, of course, the idol of my parents; and until they were taken from me, some months before, I had known nothing of the world beyond our own fireside.

My father was a man of a literary turn, and aside from the small business by which he procured us the comforts of life, he devoted his whole time to the education of his son; I think he considered me an apt scholar, for I often heard him conversing with my mother on the necessity of saving such a sum as would carry me through the university when I was old enough, and of the position which he thought I would take in the world.

But a single week sufficed to banish these ambitious dreams, and to throw me from the sheltered nest in which I had hitherto lived, alone and friendless on the world. In the spring, before I attained my twelfth year, my

parents were both seized with an epidemic then passing over our village, and died within a few days of each other. I feel yet the straining pressure with which my mother clasped me to her heart before she died, and the yearning, anxious look with which my father followed me from that moment until the time of his own death.

The good people around us had a horror of the manner in which I had been reared, spending so much time over those books of cabalistic figures, learning no useful occupation, and so they left me to myself. I thought much, as I sat in my accustomed corner in the old house — where the very rafters seemed shrinking from their own stillness, and the mice ventured timidly from their nooks, as if afraid to waken the dismal echoes with their tiny feet — I thought much of what I was now to do. I had enough to supply my wants for a time, but I knew that this would soon be gone. Employment was with difficulty found even by those who knew how to work, and when I wandered over the hills to the neighboring village, I found that the sole topic of conversation was the new world across the waters, where work, and food, and money were abundant. I was too timid to ask questions, but I lingered near the groups who talked of emigration, until I was acquainted with the necessary details, and then I resolved to dispose of what was left me, and join them in the pursuit of that Eldorado where they hoped to bury all their troubles.

My object was soon accomplished; and though I now know that many articles were sold far below their real value, I then thought myself very fortunate in obtaining a sum sufficient to pay my passage to New York, and fill my knapsack with provisions for the journey, although I had not a farthing left when this was done. There was no one to bid me adieu, or wish me "speed" on my way, and yet with comparative cheerfulness I left the old roof where the light had gone out; and with my knapsack over my

shoulder, and a small box containing some articles of clothing, and two or three books upon which my father placed rare value, under my arm, I joined the crowd on the wharf, and was shoved on board by an old sailor, who exclaimed, "Here's another of them," just before the plank was drawn in. We were bound first to Dover, and then to New York, but for two long weeks the ship was detained at Dover, and when it was once more afloat, we were kept back by adverse winds, until the voyage had extended to more than twice its customary length. Day after day I watched the diminution of my store of provisions with increasing anxiety, until at length I was obliged to put myself upon an allowance, and after a single day's supply had been eked out for nearly a week, I at last seated myself to devour the last morsel.

With a sigh I folded the empty knapsack, when my morsel was eaten, and laid it aside. As I did so, I raised my eyes and met the glance of a young girl about my own age, but tall and thin, who had evidently been watching my movements with a half-pleased, half-pitying look. She turned away her eye as she met mine, but presently she rose, and making her way among the bales and boxes which strewed our quarters, passed me, and the next moment I felt a gentle touch on my shoulder, and three or four delicious-looking sea-biscuits rolled down into my lap; they came to me like manna from heaven. I would have shrunk from telling any one my destitution, and I had supposed it was a secret with myself; as I looked up with astonishment, she said:

"Take them; they will be of no use to me. Eve and I have been sick all the way, and unable to eat; we have a plenty to last you the rest of the journey."

"But how did you know that I needed it?" I asked, after a few minutes.

"Your knapsack looks very hungry," said she, pointing to it with a

sad smile; "and besides, I watched you yesterday when you were dividing its contents, close by the blankets where I lay. I was too sick then to tell you that we had a plenty for you."

"You have been sick, then?" said I, looking into her thin, pale face, and wondering that one so kind should look so melancholy.

A faint voice called "Kate," before she had time to reply, and she flitted away, and knelt down beside one of the sick-beds which were so numerous in the stifled cabin. I soon followed her, and found that her sister Eve, of whom she had spoken, was wasting away with the ship-fever, of which fearful disease their grandfather, their sole friend and protector, had died the week before.

But a few days had elapsed before Eve also was committed to a watery grave, and Kate was left in the world as lonely as myself. We were firm friends for the rest of the voyage; and while I accepted her freely proffered bounty, I strove in return as far as possible to soothe her grief.

When we arrived in New York, we set off together in search of employment, but we soon found it would be better to separate. This we did, first appointing a time and place of meeting for the next day. Soon after leaving her, I thought myself very successful in obtaining a situation as boy of all work in a gentleman's family; but the next day, when I asked leave of absence for an hour, to fulfill my appointment with Kate, it was pre-emptorily refused.

This I regretted exceedingly, as I thus lost all trace of her, nor was I able to learn any thing of her afterward while I remained in the metropolis. I soon found my new home any thing but comfortable; my master was a perfect tyrant, and my mistress a vixen whom I could never satisfy; and when, after a long time, I asked for a portion of my wages, in order to supply myself with some necessary clothing, I found it impossible to obtain a

farthing. Thus I was once more thrown upon the streets as destitute as ever, save that I had learned something of the world. For a time, I sustained myself by doing errands and such odd jobs as I could find, and after a year or two of shifting in this way, I made my way to one of the western cities, in the hope of finding some better employment. The only progress which I made, however, was in buying a saw and buck, for the purpose of sawing wood, with which I supported myself very comfortably during the winter; in the summer, there was less to do, but still I struggled along as cheerfully as I was able, sometimes holding horses in the streets, and at others gathering wild berries which grew abundantly within a few miles of the city, and offering them for sale.

One day, while thus engaged, I entered the grounds of a gentleman in the suburbs of the city, and offered my berries to a lady who sat by an open door. She bade me measure out a certain quantity, and while I did so, dipping them with my spoon carefully from the bottom of the basket so as to dispose first of those which were most jammed, and leave the others looking fresh and nice, a low voice near me, exclaimed hastily, in my own language:

"Take them from the top, take them from the top; the best are none too good for Master Charlie."

I turned with a start, but no one seemed to have spoken to me; a young girl was running over the green lawn close by me, in pursuit of a frolicking child who had just learned the use of his feet; and though her face was turned from me, and she made no sign that she noticed me, I knew by intuition, it was Kate; I glanced furtively at the lady, whose presence alone restrained me from replying, and saw a quiet smile on her lips, as if she had understood the remark. The rest of the measure was filled from the top of the basket, and when I had emptied it I turned slowly away, hoping that Kate would join

me; but though she gave me an earnest glance as she disappeared with her young charge beyond the garden gate, I saw no more of her.

That evening, however, I wandered once more in that direction, and I thought she had been watching for me, for I saw her from a distance, busying herself among the flowers; and as soon as I came near, she folded her arms in a queenly way, and strolled down the lane to meet me. She had grown a tall, fresh-looking girl, and at first I felt abashed in her presence, but she had the same kind heart as ever, and I was soon busy informing her of all that had happened since we parted, and learning from her her own fate in the new world, which had been much more fortunate than mine. She had a more cheerful, hopeful disposition than I, and of course was more successful in what she undertook, for it is always true that we must conquer our own fortunes, and those who lack courage or ambition to do it for themselves, will find no other hand to do it for them; and yet, though this is true, I can not but confess myself greatly indebted to Kate, who seemed always to have a hand ready to lead me out of trouble. It was but a few days before she informed me that her mistress wished to engage a boy as assistant about the house and garden, and that she had made some inquiries of her concerning the raspberry boy, whose looks she said, pleased her. Kate told her what she knew of me, and advised me to apply for the situation, which I did without delay. Mr. Alderson, which was the name of Kate's master, looked at me pleasantly for a moment as I did so, and then said:

"Well, we were talking about you, and I believe I will take you upon trial, and hope you will do well."

I suppose he was satisfied with me, for I remained here several years, and no servant could ever wish for a kinder master than I found in him. My duties were light, and I found time to devour many volumes of old books,

which were stowed in a garret adjoining my sleeping apartment. I first learned to read English from Master Charlie's alphabetical blocks, and primers, with which he was abundantly supplied, long before he knew the use of them himself; but he would bring them to me, to prattle about the high-colored pictures with which they were illustrated, and from these slight beginnings, I was soon able to read the language without trouble. Many of the volumes in the garret were mathematical and scientific works, and I often busied myself with such problems as my father had been accustomed to give me as tasks, or with the discovery of others still more intricate. I discovered, too, some books of philosophy and poetry in my own tongue, with which both my master and mistress were acquainted, and these I seized upon as a prize, and was soon reveling among their brilliant theories and thread-like speculations.

Fond as I was of these pursuits, I never neglected my regular duties in the least for them, and I thus formed a habit of mingling work and study, which I have found of much service to me in after life. Sometimes, it is true, when I was absorbed over some book, a summons to attend my master or mistress would come suddenly upon me, like a buffet from an unseen foe; but I never failed to obey with alacrity, for I appreciated the kindness with which I was treated, and I loved their service; moreover, I was beginning to be reasonably suspicious that I loved Kate, whose cheek had grown busy with the first blushes of womanhood, and after whose slight, graceful figure I used to gaze admiringly, as she rambled about the grounds with the children;—for a little girl was now trotting gaily, with laugh and shout in Master Charlie's wake.

I do not think I was alone in my admiration, for often when I accompanied her from church of a Sabbath afternoon, I would observe groups of young men who followed her at a distance, or fixed upon her glances more ardent

than I considered at all consistent with propriety; at such times, I would draw nearer to her than I had before ventured, and be sure that I did not leave her until she was safe at home. To be sure, there was a quiet dignity about Kate, and something lurking in her eye which would have been a sufficient protection to most women against insult; but this I did not choose to understand at the time.

One day I had been at work in the garden, putting new stakes to some overgrown dahlias, and trimming up the vines. There was a fish-pond with a sandy margin in the bottom of the garden, and when my work was done, I strolled along the side of it, and with a stick which I held, drew some geometrical figures in the sand. I was not thinking of these however—my mind was busy with something Kate had said to me, and so absorbed was I with it, that I did not notice the approach of my master, till he was close at hand. I started as I perceived him, and seeing that he noticed the figures I had drawn, I hastily dashed it out with my stick.

"Can you draw that again?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes, sir!" I replied, as with my stick I immediately replaced the missing lines.

"Now demonstrate it," said he, fixing upon me a glance of incredulous surprise.

I did so, not at all displeased to show my proficiency, for I remembered that my father had considered me a prodigy in geometry, and there were few portions of Euclid which were not as familiar to me as the alphabet.

"Well, give us the next," he said when this was finished, seating himself on the grass with a look of pleasant astonishment.

I drew the next figure, and demonstrated it, and then he called for the next, and so on, through six or eight successive problems, evidently expecting to balk me; but in this he did not succeed. He looked more surprised at

every step, but made no comment. I was not then aware that Mr. Alderson had formerly been for some years a teacher of mathematics, so that he was only practicing a familiar duty in thus *hearing me recite*; but I afterward learned that this was the case.

"Well, and what else can you do?" said he, when I had gone through with these.

"I think, if you please, sir," said I, "that I can rub down the horses, and make a flower-bed pretty well."

"True enough; true enough," he exclaimed; "but what more can you do in this line?"

After a moment's hesitation, I drew a somewhat complicated figure which is frequently found in the text-books of the higher branches of mathematics, and said:

"I think I can do that, sir."

"Well;" said he briefly.

"Bravo!" he cried again, when I had finished the demonstration; "bravo, my boy; that's a new solution."

Of this I was well aware, for it was one in which my father prided himself as having found a better solution than any which the books contained.

"Where did you find it?" he asked in his abrupt, thoughtful way, after musing a few minutes.

I told him where I had obtained it, and then, with an appearance of much interest he asked me question after question concerning my father, and of the manner in which he had instructed me, and the extent to which my studies had been pursued.

When he had satisfied himself, he walked away without offering any remark, but leaving me highly gratified at the interest he had manifested. The next morning I received an order to come to his study, when I should have finished my work.

I soon made my appearance, and found him engaged in writing; but presently he looked up and said:

"Well, sir, what do you think of leaving me?"

I replied with some surprise "that

I had never thought of such a thing, and should be very sorry to do so."

"Very well," he said duly, "I should be sorry to lose you;" and he again dipped his pen in the ink with every appearance of having finished the conference, leaving me much bewildered as to its intent. He did not write, however, but directly said:

"You are perfectly satisfied, are you, with the seven dollars a month which I am able to pay you?"

I told him I had no reason to complain of my wages; that it was much better than to sell berries and lodge in a shed as I had done before he found me.

"And have you no higher ambition," he asked, "than to spend your life in cleaning out my stables and coal bins?"

Now it was true, that in my secret heart I had nursed many an ambitious dream, although no method of carrying them out had ever presented itself to my mind. To be sure, I had scribbled rhymes in my garret, and sent them to the printer with various sounding names attached thereto; but though I had chosen the true poet's corner, and measured my rhym with mathematical precision, I fear the poetry they contained, would have been hard to find; the editors would not publish them, and I was forced to conclude that I was not born to be a poet. The memory of these ruined castles in the air, caused me to make a confused and indefinite reply to this question, and Mr. Alderson smiled and said:

"Suppose any one should offer you a salary ten times as great as I am able to give, what would you say then to leaving me?"

"Indeed!" I replied; "whenever I receive such proposal, I should doubtless think it worthy of a consideration."

"Very like; very like," said Mr. Anderson. "My friend, Mr. B. . . ., is in want of a book-keeper, an honest and faithful one, which I can

recommend you as being. I have made arrangements for you to supply the place if you have no objections; the salary is eight hundred dollars a year."

If I had been suddenly introduced into a fairy palace in my overalls and apron, I could not have been more thoroughly bewildered than I was at this announcement. I stood awkwardly fumbling the door handle, and looking from myself to Mr. Alderson, until at length the frozen currents of speech gave way, and I found words to tell him how much I appreciated his kindness.

I was soon busied with my new duties, and filling my head with projects for the use of the fortune which seemed showering upon me in the shape of a salary. I soon found this a much easier task than I expected, but I have never since cherished such ecstatic visions of wealth as presented themselves to me under the promise of eight hundred dollars a year.

My first object was to remove Kate from her present position, and send her to school. When I broached this subject to Mr. Alderson, he heartily approved of my proposal, and with his customary kindness undertook to arrange the whole matter for me, although in so doing, he was well aware that he was doing himself an injury, for I firmly believe that he has never since found a servant who could at all supply her place.

Many years have passed since the days of which I write. I have now a fish-pond at the bottom of my own garden, which was made to commemorate a circumstance of so much importance in shaping my career in life; and here is Kate coming up the gravelled walk among the honeysuckles and roses, tossing playfully upon her arm our youngest darling, a boy something over a year old, and calling me to join her.

LAYING UP FOR CHILDREN.

PARENTAL affection naturally inquires, what it can best do for the welfare of its children in future years, and when the bosom which now throbs with love to its offspring shall be cold in death. Many plans are laid, and many days and hours of anxious solicitude are spent in contriving ways and means of rendering children prosperous and happy in future life. But parents are not always wise in the provisions which they seek to make for their children; nor do they always seek direction and counsel from God in this matter. The best inheritance for children, beyond all contradiction, is true piety toward God—the salutary truths and principles of religion laid up in the hearts of children; a good education, good and virtuous habits, unbending principles of moral conduct, the fear of God, and the hope of heaven. This is the best inheritance for children, and which all parents should be most anxious to lay up for them.

Many an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with the money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who can not swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders, and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders.

Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources, and the blessing of God, the better.

EXPERIMENT and observation are the only means of arriving at safe results.

ECONOMY IN PERSONAL EXPENDITURES.

IF our readers desire to be successful in business, to attain a competence in middle life, and to protect themselves against penury in advanced age, they must early adopt and continually practice a system of economy in their personal expenditures. We do not advise them to be niggardly or mean, but to keep their personal and family expenditures within fifty per cent. of their net income, and inflexibly to adhere to this practice. It will certainly ensure them a competence, and may become the corner stone of a fortune.

In a majority of cases where individuals struggle with penury through a long life, and die poor at last, the fault they originally committed was in living up to their income when young. They started in the world with the idea that they might expend their money as fast as they made it. They did not take into consideration that dull times might reduce their income, that temporary loss of employment might take away their income, that sickness might disable them for a time, and that in all these cases they and their families would suffer.

We know that it is hard to retrench useless expenditures, and unfortunately it appears to be harder, in proportion as these expenditures are unwise and profitless. Those who have incurred the habit of expending all they make, are almost always beyond the reach of a reform. Such a habit is the characteristic of the poorer classes, and that is what keeps the poor in irretrievable poverty. If they could muster the resolution (and be seconded and sustained therein by their families,) to graduate their family and personal expenditures upon one-half their incomes for a very few years, they would acquire such a competence as would enable them to take advantage of their position and increase their incomes two or three fold.

But while living from hand to mouth,

dependent upon each day's work for each day's bread, it is evident that they can not better their condition. They have no leisure to look up a better situation than that which they have. They must work on, at unremunerating wages, when they are conscious that if they could get a week's leisure they might find another place where they could get twenty-five per cent. more for their services. But they are slaves fettered as much to their practice of expending all their income as they go along, as are the slaves of the South to the plantations of their masters. Work they must, and for employers whom they dislike, at unremunerating wages or starve.

This kind of white slavery comes from extravagant personal expenditures, and until the poorer classes reform in this respect, it is impossible that their condition can be permanently improved. No help from without can accomplish an improvement in their condition. That must come from themselves, and in the manner which we prescribe. We know it is difficult, the poor will say, impossible, for them to live upon half their incomes. But it is much easier to do this for a few years and thereby get something beforehand, than to fight against fortune during a whole life, as they must do unless they continue to lay up something during their active business years. It is hard for a man of family to reduce his expenses one-half. But with the concurrence of a good wife and sensible children he can do it; and with a wife and children who will not aid in such an indispensable movement, a husband must expect to live poor and die poor.

Young men who are about entering active life can commence easily in the mode we propose. Let them, even during their minority, resolve that their expenditures shall always be confined within half their incomes. Let them daily keep a correct account of their expenditures, and of the articles for which their money is expended. That record will be valuable to them

in very many ways. It will show them what they have been expending money for, when the expense had better have been avoided. It will enable them to show, at any time, all their pecuniary transactions. Many a young man who has falsely been accused of dishonesty and perhaps discharged from his place on suspicion thereof, might have entirely and satisfactorily vindicated himself if he could have exhibited a correct record of his daily expenditures. And many a man would have been rescued from insolvency, if such a record had daily stared him in the face. It will be found that those who fear their expenses are exceeding their incomes dare not keep such a record. But when they get into this state of mind the sooner they begin to keep such accounts the better for them. That fear is the precursor and omen of ruin. When experienced, the individual may be sure that he is pecuniary lost, if he does not at once reform. And the first step to this reform is the keeping of a daily record of family and personal expenditures.

MOTHERS THAT ARE WANTED

IT is a blessing and advantage utterly incalculable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority, and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness; of solid information; with tact, temper, patience, and skill fitted to train and mold the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition; and all this presided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers that the church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on any thing else; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure.

There is nothing so little thought of by the young, and no single thing that would be in its issues of such a moment, as for the one sex to remember that they are born to be the formers of future men; and for the other to feel that what they want in marriage are not merely mates for themselves, but mothers for their children. Clever women are of more importance to the world than clever men. I refer, of course, not to illustrious individuals on whom society depends for advance in the arts, in legislation, or in science; who extend the boundaries of knowledge, who receive and pass the torch of genius, perpetuate eloquence, or preserve truth. I refer to the culture and strength that may distinguish the general mind; the characteristics of the mass of men and women who constitute society, and from whom not only posterity, as a whole, will receive an impress, but among whom the individual hero, too, must be born and bred.

On the two suppositions, that all men were clever, and all women weak, or that all the women were superior, and all the men fools, there would be by far the best prospect for the world on the latter alternative, both with respect to the general condition of the race, and the appearance of those who should be personally eminent for ability and genius.

The mother has most to do with all that awakens the young spirit in its early freshness, and that makes that child that is to be the "father to the man;" and she gives perhaps more of the impress of her whole being, physical and mental, to the original constitution and capacities of her offspring. Weak men with superior wives, have had sons distinguished by very high intellectual ability; but the greatest men with fools for their portion have seldom been any thing but the fathers of fools.

The great Lord Bacon was the representative of one that would have been memorable and illustrious but for the gigantic and overshadowing genius of his son. His father, Sir Nicolas,

was twice married; his first wife was a weak woman, and bore nothing but a mean and poor intellectual offspring; his second was distinguished and superior; a woman of capacity, strong sense, mental culture, and great energy; she was the mother of Bacon.

FAMILY LIBRARIES.

YOU have one: but of what kind? A little reflection will convince us that this is an important question. A library is a portion of household furniture of the highest importance, and deserves caution as well as knowledge and taste in the selection, and judgment in the use. No doubt there have been good libraries, which have done little or no good. We have seen them in the possession of fathers and mothers, who used them only themselves, and never encouraged, or taught, or permitted their children to have access to them.

But almost always the children are not only permitted to read, but do read, and read over and over some of the books of the family library. And who can not remember the influences they exerted on their own minds? Many have thus had their taste and opinions, their whole course of life, swayed and directed. We have known persons in middle life, and even in advanced age, who seemed to have been merely living out the principles or characters of the books on the shelves to which they had first clambered in their childhood. In early life we read without experience, without prejudice, and without foresight. Therefore, if we become interested, the mind receives the whole impression, as from a seal with nothing interposed between it and the wax. We must not say that we begin without a fixed taste. The mind has naturally a taste for truth. If we all were aware of the interesting objects surrounding us, we could not but fix our eyes upon them. Close investigation and long study were necessary to discover them; and the learned have been long performing the laborious task. To

learn the results is comparatively easy. Every one of us may acquaint himself with some important fact by reading a page of a familiar work on stones, plants, insects, fish, birds, or beasts, and thus qualify himself better to walk among the fields, to till the little garden, to direct the management of the farm, or to perform his part in domestic or social conversation.

Books on such subjects are of incalculable value in families, especially if illustrated with drawings. Audubon's splendid book on our birds stands at the head of the list; and a wealthy farmer should prefer it to a coach, or any other expensive article of luxury. Wilson's Ornithology, though costly, may be bought for one-fifth part of the price of some shawls, or pieces of elegant furniture, and will more adorn the mind and heart, than such admired trifles can ornament the person or the drawing-room. Many smaller works on the different branches of natural history might be named, of moderate and even trifling cost, which abound in information important, intelligible, and interesting to young and old.

BACKBONE.

[Here is a very decided poem for the times.—ED.]

To dress and sit and walk genteely,
To bow with easy grace,
To speak in accents soft and mealy,
To wear a studied face;
These, and like goodly gifts and grace,
Are well enough I own;
But what we want, in this soft age,
Is bone, backbone.

A heart to feel, a mind to think,
Despite each base control;
A tongue to speak, a hand to work,
The purpose of the soul;
By these, and other goodly tokens,
It may be surely known
If this or that, without his body,
His bone, backbone.

Give me a man that's all a man
Who stands up straight and strong;
Who loves the plain and simple right,
And will not yield to wrong,
Who deals with firm, untrembling hand
To every one his own:
Oh! a blessed thing, in anybody,
Is bone, backbone.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE rage for summer travel has by this time reached its culminating point, and multitudes are returning dust-covered and weary, and striving to make themselves at home again in their own homes. What tiresome trunks there are to be unpacked! what crumpled dresses to be restored to wearing order! what a searching for and shaking out of coats and vests! and what a mourning over little articles of toilet comfort that had become endeared from long use, but which have been left behind in some of the many upturnings and hasty packings that have been made. How the closed up rooms at home have grown dark and moth-invaded! — the books are beginning to mold, and the carpets show sure signs that the rats had taken out a lease of the deserted tenement.

The debilitated state of the finances is searched out with pencil and portmonnaie in hand, and the resolve to be economical is made with closed lips by each astonished purse-bearer. It is the time when people are most likely to turn philosophers, and cry with the ancient sages, "*cui bono*," — "*for what good?*" or, "*what's the use?*" if we will accept a more homely phraseology. Well, what is the use? Would you have consented to toil so in your own homes for any price? (Perhaps if you would you might not have grown dyspeptic, and felt obliged to travel for your health.) Would you sleep in such half-furnished, steamy rooms, or dress in such a corner — fumbling interminably among close-packed trunks for the articles you need, and packing and unpacking because you can not remember all you want at once — with the ink in the writing-case, in constant danger of being upset in your haste into the box of expensive muslins that sits underneath it, because the trunk will not hold them if arranged in any other way? Would you have consented to be driven about in such a glaring sun, and choking dust, and suffocating heat if you had been at home. But you had decided that summer travel was just the thing, and having started upon your expedition, must take it as it comes; and like Lamartine, when he mis-

took the *vat* he should jump into on visiting a Syrian bath, you have found yourself *in hot water*. Those however who search ceaselessly after pleasure, will have forgotten the temperature of the vat by another year, and try it again. You who live quiet lives — so quiet that you sometimes feel a craving for variety, do not envy the pleasure-seekers that flaunt past you. You have never thought of being half as weary of your lives as they are of theirs. Variety is said to be the spice of life, but with this class of people life is pretty much all spice, and very little substantial food. Perhaps it is not strange of such a life that there should be an emptiness in its digestion.

The year begins with a round of holiday amusements, which do not cease until the summer sun with its lengthened days and shortened shadows has hunted out the haunts of winter revel, and made the evenings quite too short for their illuminations. Then the house and the apparel are to be set in order, and replenished for the change of season, the remains of preserves and confectious to be cleaned out or stored away, and every thing renewed from garret to cellar, and the family sit down in their lofty rooms, brick-walled, and cool, and pleasant, with a fair prospect of summer enjoyment before them. But it is a prospect they are not so happy as to enjoy. The report comes that this friend and that have started for some of the many summer resorts, and they hurry excitedly into the hot streets to purchase the outfit necessary to enable them to follow the example. And then some heated steam conveyance hurries them away into the country, to find probably that the quiet country that they seek is turned for the time into a noisy fair by the number of pleasure-seekers who have preceded them. Perhaps they may catch a pleasant smell of new-mown hay, or snuff the bracing odors of the salt sea air. These are excellent things in their way, but sometimes very hard to be got at. If those who have abundant means for it have taken children to some quiet beach, and let them search for crabs and razor fish, where their shoes sink down in the shining sands, or with

white naked feet rush up the beach with the curling waves in merry chase of them; then they may have been happy, and grown young again in watching their enjoyment. But in this working-day world mere pleasure must be taken in somewhat homeopathic doses, if we would have it become a weary toil.

The following letter from a new friend of *THE HOME*, shows that sympathy in our undertaking which we have sought for in the ranks of womanhood, and which we assuredly have not sought in vain:

MILLVILLE, *June 2, 1857.*

MRS. H. E. G. AREY:—Through the kindness of a friend I have just enjoyed the pleasure of reading your numbers of *THE HOME* for 1856. And allow me to say that I have been highly delighted and edified. I learn from yet another friend that *THE HOME* this year is still improving. Please accept my congratulations for the work of usefulness upon which I think you have entered. Your object is one in which I have long been interested—the elevation of woman, her sphere, and the great design of life. Would I could speed its circulation until it had entered every family throughout our land! *THE HOME* has a large field of usefulness before it, for I doubt not its influence will have much to do toward regenerating and elevating the world. And I pray Heaven to smile upon its efforts, and speed its flight throughout the land.

While writing the above, a few thoughts have impressed me so forcibly that I will pen them for your inspection:

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of persons live, and move, and pass off the stage of action, and out of the memory of those who knew them, to be remembered and heard of no more—why? Because they have never done a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by their lives—none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption from evil—not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished: their light went out in darkness, and they

were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Alas! is it not too true that so many of us—our sex in particular—are living a mere butterfly existence, and shall we expect to be remembered longer? Let us, my friends, enter upon a new era in our lives. Let us not thus live and die! But let us live for something. We should indeed

“Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from our hand no worthy action done.”

Let it be our aim then to do good, and leave behind us a monument of virtue that the storms of time can not destroy. Let us write our names by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands we come in contact with year by year, and we shall never be forgotten. Our deeds will be legible on the hearts of those we leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.

And where can we better commence this work of love than at home?—commence by improving and elevating ourselves, and then cast abroad for other objects—commence by setting right examples and exerting right influences around the members of our own families. Let us occupy our time in storing the minds of our daughters and sisters with useful knowledge—by striving to improve and elevate our own sex generally. For is it not true that they come far short of answering the great design of life?

Let us then strive to render woman more intelligent, more thoughtful. For there is in the influence of a really intellectual woman such a keen air of refinement, such a separation from every thing gross and material. Every person coming into the influence of such a woman is benefited. Those who feel this influence may not define it; they may be totally unconscious what it is that awes them; but they feel as if a mysterious, an invisible vail were about her; and every dark thought is quenched in their hearts, as if they had come into the atmosphere of a spirit.

I would have every woman know this. I would tell every mother, who prays nightly for the watchfulness of good spirits over the purity of her child, that she may weave around her a defense stronger than steel—that she may place in her heart a living

amulet, whose virtue is like a circle of fire to pollution.

We have seen and known, that an empty mind is not a strong citadel. And in the melancholy chronicles of female ruin, the instances are rare of victims distinguished for mental cultivation. I would my pen were the "point of a diamond," and I were writing on living hearts! For when I think how the daughters of a house are its grace and honor, and how the father and mother that loved her, and the brother that made her his pride, and the sister in whose bosom she slept, are all crushed utterly by a daughter's degradation, I feel as if every word were a burning coal, my language could not be extravagant.

S. E. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications which we have not yet found time to examine, and some other accepted matter is crowded out. Our friends must have patience and continue their favors.

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.—For summer wear, the garments of children should be loose and light, and fitted so that the shoulders, which are the natural support of the clothing, may perform their duty without any hindrance. For this reason children should never be clothed in those very low-necked dresses which are so common, and which are apt to be cut lower than ever in the summer, in order to have the child cool and comfortable it is said. There is no reason why one part of the body should be left sweltering under such a mass of clothing as is usually fastened about the waist, while another portion equally delicate is left entirely exposed. The undue perspiration produced from those parts of the body which are overclothed, will so open the pores as to render the exposed parts far more liable to cold from draughts of air, or changes of temperature than they would otherwise be. It is therefore desirable to clothe all parts of the body as evenly as may be. A long sleeved and low necked apron is undoubtedly the most sensible upper-garment that can be worn by a child either winter or summer. It may be made of lighter material for warm weather,

and the under garments *thinned out* as far as comfort demands.

Some persons put buttons upon the chemise, thus combining it with drawers-waist, so as to diminish the number of garments; but if it is as loose, and made of as fine material as is pleasant to be worn next the skin, the buttoning on of the drawers will soon tear it out. It is better to combine drawers and skirt-waist—making the waist with two rows of buttons, so that it will support both drawers and skirt. The skirt should never fail to be fastened up carefully about the waist, and all straps that cross the shoulders should remain on the shoulders and nowhere else. If allowed to slip down so as to bind the arm, the child will continually draw up its shoulders, or twist itself otherwise out of shape, in order to diminish the annoyance, and besides the constant irritation and discomfort it thereby suffers, it acquires an awkward habit of motion, and perhaps a permanent injury of shape. If a little strap is sown in where the sleeve sets into the dress, it can be slipped under the shoulder straps and buttoned over upon the shoulder of the dress, thus keeping the whole neatly and comfortably in their place. It can be rounded off and trimmed about the button-hole if buttoned outside, so as to form a neat ornament to the dress. See that no portion of the dress is too heavy or too tight, and do not let the child sleep—especially in summer—in any garment which has been worn during the day.

RECIPES.

TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to remove the skins; weigh them, and put them into a stone jar, with as much sugar as tomatoes; pour off the syrup and boil and skim till no scum rises; then pour it over the tomatoes and let them stand two days as before; boil and skim again. After a third boiling and skimming, let them stand in their syrup until drying weather; then place them on earthen plates or dishes and put them in the sun to dry—that takes about a week; then pack them in small wooden boxes with fine white sugar between each layer. They will keep for years. Figs made of tomatoes are really better than those made of true figs.